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HOUND & HORN

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CONTENTS

America Deserta, an essay by *Muriel Draper* 205
Sea Miscellany, poems by *R. P. Blackmur* 234
Louis Eilshemius, an appreciation by *Jean Charlot* 242
Travelogue, a poem by *Howard Baker* 246
A Glass of Wine, Texan fragments by *Achilles Holt* 247
Nightmare, a poem by *Winfield Scott* 264
Joyce's *Exiles*, an essay by *Bernard Bandler II* 266
Perspectives Are Precipices, a poem by *John Peale Bishop* 286

Chronicles

Dance: Uday Shan-Kar and the Hindu Dance *René Daumal* 288
Film: Pabst and the Social Film *Harry Alan Potamkin* 293
Music: Recent Musical Problems *B. H. Haggin* 306

Correspondence

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Harriet Monroe* 320
An 'Objectivists' Anthology *Basil Bunting* 322
Reply to Mr. Bunting *Yvor Winters* 323

REVIEWS

"The American Jitters," by Edmund Wilson
"Expression in America," by Ludwig Lewisohn
Lawrence Leighton 324
"Theatre and Friendship," Some Henry James Letters
"The Three Jameses," by C. Hartley Grattan *R. P. Blackmur* 330
"Death in the Afternoon," by Ernest Hemingway
Lincoln Kirstein 336
"1919," by John Dos Passos *Francis Fergusson* 342
"The Five Seasons," by Phelps Putnam *Allen Tate* 345
"John Dryden," by T. S. Eliot
"Selected Essays," by T. S. Eliot
"Mr. Eliot Among the Nightingales," by Louis Grudin
Henry Bamford Parkes 350
"The American Heresy," by Christopher Hollis
"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate
"Jefferson Davis, His Rise and Fall," by Allen Tate
"Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun," by Gerald W. Johnson
"Randolph of Roanoke, A Political Fantastic," by Gerald W. Johnson *Paul H. Buck* 357
"The Monopoly of Credit," by C. H. Douglas
Gorham B. Munson 368
"God's Angry Man," by Leonard Ehrlich *Gerald Sykes* 375

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UDAY SHAN-KAR and his group of Hindu Musicians and Dancers are performing in New York under the management of S. Hurok.

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HOUND & HORN

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AMERICA DESERTA

I LIVE in a strange place.

It is on a big continent set with places where many people dwell and spread with country over which some people hover. The country thrusts up into high mountains in long plains, divides to let vast waters through, and rests in rich and fertile distances of land. Deep lakes are held complacently and small ones generously: rocks fling into rare brilliance in deserted spaces. And here and there the earth escapes in tired areas of nothing.

People sailed laboriously to the coast of this country and adventured on its shores. An unknown continent gives men a strong fresh wish to work and live upon it: it takes from them the certain circling of things known.

Here they remained, growing and making things for a new life, and fighting to maintain it. They travelled inland,

finding in the earth and air valuable substances, and staying near to care for them. What they and the children they bore did not need, they sent across seas and lands to other places, and took in return what they could not make or grow.

They planned a civilization of deliberate design. The opportunity of plan and activity of things increased. Men came because of it and women followed them. They built for shelter in small communities, reaching out from them with transporting filaments into country beyond.

* * *

When there is much taking and sending, money is accepted in return of value for things. It is convenient to keep while waiting to choose the needful and desirable things for which it can be given, because it is small and durable: the fair metals and embellished papers of which it is made please the eye. Women and men get a habit of liking it better than things and collect it faster than they use it. As it moves and stops about the world, it receives a special handling and, though small, needs numerous and large buildings for its care.

These buildings, with the living-places of men and women and the houses where things are made and grown things are stored, formed cities around activities at sea-coasts and inland places of America. The cities vary. Great cities where many people live happened in bewildered order. Built in fast confusion, they have grown to idiot ugliness and insane beauty. Lesser ones are planned for monotonous convenience, and settle into place with prosperous adequacy. A few small towns and villages, built carefully in pleasant ways of leisure still remain. Scattered people live in isolation.

* * *

It is natural for people to be attracted to a great changing place by the sea where there is much money, many big build-

ings to protect it, and manifold ways devised for spending it. They want to live there. I live in one like this with millions of other people. It is New York.

The streets stretch inland from the shore and lie across land between two rivers. In these streets is almost every kind of building, from little wooden sheds in which no-one lives but a few things stay, to high steel structures in which thousands of people exist and many new things are kept and some are made. The surface of the earth is visible here and there: grass grows from it, and it is portioned with trees and small sheets of water and sparse flowers.

The millions of people move up and down and across these streets and wander about on the visible surface of the earth. Up and down and across the streets that stretch inland and between two rivers they move, and wander by the sparse flowers about the small sheets of water. They go in and out of buildings and to and fro in cars. They drive motors of cars that carry them, and sit in those that are driven for them.

These cars are variously shaped and colored. You see them short and fat and tight and undersized and long and loose and shaky. You see them in perfected balance of considered lines. They are colored in slender shining black flashed with silver, in light and lovely brown marked out in ivory, in straight flying scarlet caught with bronze, in dark discreet tones of earth and sombre bloom, and in the dirty nothing-colour of use. In the day, they glitter in the sun and slide through dripping rain. At night, they carry great burning lights by which to see and tiny colored lamps to be seen, and move about the streets in bright reflected gleams.

Things, too, are driven through the streets in cars by men and boys. In solid polished massive cars closed against the light, money, dynamite and pearls are carefully transported. (Prisoners are often fastened in like cars. Sick people and the dead at times are similarly moved, though it is more

usual to see them in commodious cars with windows.) Cooked food, some clothes, chance objects, are packed in strong boxes attached to little seats on wheels. Vegetables, ashes, flowers and used beds are carried in big old fenced-in pens on wheels. A shabby lonely horse is sometimes used to draw old carts, but in the waking life of this great city, as in most where millions live, there is little room or time for such a slow and patient animal. He appears in the streets for a short while at dawn, but otherwise is seldom seen.

Engines with the oil-fed power of numerous horses are used to move all these cars of people and things up and down the streets, and make a sound that is compact of soft whirrs, deep roars and full sharp crunches. And when they crowd so closely that they cannot move and are still, the air is filled with beautiful different notes blown through horns and struck from bells they carry.

Besides these many separate cars for things and people, there are long cars that move by electricity and steam on tracks laid down on the streets, run through the malodorous earth below, and supported up above. You feel the shaking weight and hear the coarse echo of the turning stopping wheels, as they carry many people near and far. When these long trains of cars holding many people and the short single cars holding few, pass in and out of the city, they track through tunnels under water and over bridges across it.

Other people walk.

* * *

The strength of earth and rock under great growing cities was strained by the pull of springing bridges, the weight of fast building, the hollowing for tracks and tunnels. Men engineered to sustain it. When certain parts of cities—close to bridges, at the ends of tunnels, where ships and trains arrive—became desirable to more people than the ground could hold, the engineers made room for them in

the air. They audaciously prepared the surface of the earth to carry massed heights of enclosed space, and in the coveted places you can see how well they worked to bring the air to the use of man. Engineers can sink loads and lift weights with accurate delicacy: they can cajole the earth.

This they have done for sea-coast and inland places in America where cities need strength to grow, and where, across the deserted spaces, up the high mountains and over vast waters, men want to go. They have altered the continent, reconstructing it with substances of composed and natural strength, bringing it into increased use.

Because of them, buildings can now be planned for living and the care of things and money with new freedom of design. Here in this sea-coast city, they mount high up on steel into the sky, and the necessity of their close placing becomes an accident of beauty in place. As they mount, the squared solidity of their base tapers into towers of windows filled with light, or moves back toward itself at rhythmic intervals to catch it. So the sun gets in and between. I have seen it blazing there.

* * *

Amongst these towered and pyramided structures are a few small old houses not used to live in but to eat and sell in. You see them of wornout dark brown stone with reluctant windows for leftover light, and pushed-in holes of doors for stray people in the front. Across them are stretched balconies of iron wrought in delicate formality of design, from which hang wooden signs, painted with pictures of unfamiliar lands and seas and small words in different languages. But nothing is seen upon them, and never a person.

In and out of others people go at night to sleep, waking early in the day and leaving them to go to work or wander in the streets. Curtains of starched dirty white hang behind the windows from under disabled shades: they never seem to

move, though pots of slow-growing plants are placed there now and then. Where the curtains do not meet, a table with a lamp upon it and a chair beside can be seen, but seldom a person. Around these houses, dogs sniff at big tin cans full of little tin cans and bundles tightly bound in newspapers.

In other little houses of brick separate parts of machinery, new little screws and big old wheels, books, bottles filled with lovely coloured liquids of a bad sweet taste, countless slices of gum to chew, tobacco in bags and boxes and packages of cigarettes, newspapers, furs, modelled shapes of headless men and women, cats, tiny toy engines and little flaring lamps are sold. Some show fine feathers, and flowers of cloth behind large panes of dingy windows—sometimes flowers and dogs and birds that are alive behind clear glass. In small shelters are big raised chairs in which you may sit and put your feet on strong supports, where they will be buffed with pastes and oils until they shine.

Low round and square and oblong buildings of hard white and coloured trimming tiles from the smooth surface of which the sun and other lights slip off, glisten hardly over cement floors in important places at the corners of streets, by themselves in empty lots of land, or held in between high structures. (Secure like temples, but too brazen for devotion.) The many motors that crowd the streets roll in and on to the cement floors to be cleaned and fed with oil, their broken parts made whole or new ones placed, the tires on which they roll filled fat and round with air. The oil that feeds them comes from shining red and green and yellow pumps that stand tall in rows and circles.

But not all low tiled buildings are for motors. A few have fronts of clean glass adorned with prettily painted borders of fruits. On high counters inside are lemons and apples and oranges and grapes permanently piled up in bowls. Men behind the counters bring up glasses from beneath, filled with cool frothed juices of colour like the fruit, moving them

quickly from taps of silver that are fastened in the walls and ranged somewhere below. Thin spurts of sound, long quiet swallows, the furtive intermittent touch of glass on tile are heard. In the city where I live, the most daring of its beautiful bridges rests on one such foolish little building before beginning its assured journey across the river.

* * *

There are buildings of a different character from these. They are not for the housing of money or selling of things, nor for casual sleepings between work, nor for the juice of pretty fruits drunk in hushed swallows. They are big hotels for the shelter and entertainment of people who travel through cities or do not live at home, and are filled with a thousand and one rooms in which to bathe and dance and sleep and eat and withdraw.

In great cities where many people come to buy and sell and spend and not be at home, these hotels appear as commanding edifices, and are unsuitably decorated outside and in. The outer walls of brick will be coated with thin slabs of stone and of marble carved out in patterns of violins and garlands and other irrelevant designs; or faced in poured and printed sections of cement. Crossed doors of glass pivot in ceaseless turns in gilded metal doorways to let the people in and out without their noticing it much, so they may attend as uninterruptedly as possible to the entertainment of not being at home, of going somewhere else, of buying and selling.

* * *

People must also be entertained into selling and buying and spending, because it impels money to move around the world—whirling about uncertain things and men and places in certain eddies as it moves—and many things are made and activities invented for this which have no other use.

Without the inducement of entertainment people would not serve this unique purpose so willingly, and diverting buildings in which countless objects are for sale are erected in every accessible region of the country.

In some cities they are splendid and luxurious places of stone and marble, with doors of copper, burnished brass and bronze. Great windows are set in the lower walls close to the street; before these, many of the millions of people who wander up and down, pause in little changing clusters to look in at what there is to buy.

The many different kinds of things to be bought are arranged there with such skill that the windows often are a very pleasant sight. Everything that men and children and women like to wear around their body can be seen in great profusion. There are dresses and gloves and coats and shoes and hats and suits and shirts of different materials and patterns, fitted on images of human beings that are formed with oddly simulated features and fixed gestures, from wax, porcelain and wood. (Figures of brides dressed to meet their bridegrooms, attended by fair maids in flattering clothes are sometimes placed there.) Frail lovely coloured cloths are pulled up through carved hoops of wood, and hang full down upon the floor. Small bags of brilliant leathers and embroidered stuffs are placed about with care; dexterously fabricated flowers and bright jewels lie decoratively between. Whole rooms are set up in these windows, furnished with chairs and beds and tables for every kind of living. Inside, women and girls and men who are waiting behind counters and walking up and down between, show and sell you every thing you can buy for the body to wear and eat and use, and a few things—books and pianos and flowers—for the pleasure of the mind and senses.

Collected things of one kind are sold in small low buildings, windows like a wall of glass in front. In one, raw meats and bones of animals hang on piercing hooks: in another,

mounds of glittering fish lie still behind the pane. Here you will see clear glass bottles, intricately decorated boxes of tin, packages of silver and gold paper set out in rows and circles: in them is food that has been prepared by heat or cold for ready eating. Again, in one small building, you will see china, scissors, knives or luggage; stockings, stoves or cars. Big bright fruits, root and flowering vegetables are arrayed in open windows and spread down in fragrant order on low benches in the street.

Everywhere, all over the country, in cities and towns and villages you see these things displayed and stored in buildings of greater or less degree of splendour. And everywhere, all over the country, on big wooden boards standing in open spaces and fastened to the sides of buildings, on small pieces of metal or paper placed in windows of stores and houses and attached to inside walls of cars that carry many people, in newspapers and books or any possibly visible place, these purchasable things are described in words and shown in pictures.

The words—implicitly erotic, persuasively frightening and degradingly ambitious—command you to buy the thing, suggest the vengeful consequence of not buying it, and inform you where it can be bought. They are composed with such artful determination to accomplish their object that they are more diverting to read than many less purposeful writings. The pictures, in knowingly contrasted colours, present every true and false aspect of the thing to buy, imagined pleasures of the people using it, and rueful states of those who go without.

Where thick transporting filaments thin out in attenuation of ceased cities, straggling through nondescript meaninglessness of everything toward nothing, these pictures are more gay and brilliant than the bleached fields they stand in. They spare the eye the ugly view of young deserted houses not yet fallen and distract it from the sight of hurrying people.

They are for the purpose of entertaining people into buying and spending and selling, and are a very great part of what one sees in America.

* * *

There are other places in which to be entertained: theatres. Theatre-buildings are elaborate and noticeable, of a special freedom and variety of constructed materials, and seldom high. Few windows break the surface, but wide entrances are open for some hours of the day and far into the night. Signs and pictures in and around these entrances suggest more likely entertainment than hotels and things to buy: you see printed and colored portraits of men and women and children and beasts who act in plays and moving photographs of plays in theatres. Further inside the doorways are still photographs of scenes in which they act. These are scenes of men and women in the actions of living through the day and loving through the night, and in extra dangers from wild quadrupeds and disasters of this planet; and some are of children enacting almost every depictable thing.

The re-presenting of such things excites people, and the excitement seems to hover in vague permanence about theatres, bringing even the wide variety of their building into a pleasant likeness without monotony. All emanate a quality of extra and voluntary diversion, which suggests a world of unnecessary pleasure, less deliberate than the prescribed entertainment to be derived from making and buying and selling things. Theatres are not neutral places, even when empty and closed.

* * *

For people who live at home there are series of multiplied rooms set apart for their living in big alike buildings. These look a little like hotels, a little like the high buildings for offices of men who care for money, a little like the

places for the manufacture of things, and not ever like theatres. Statues of humans or animals adorn the entrance, and in some costly ones tired trees and plants can be seen in courtyards beyond.

Men in clothes that are unlike others stand at the doors of these multiplied homes, waiting to help people in and out of cars, to support their elbows and direct their steps so that as little as possible of their body or attention need be used. They will greet those who walk in with a recognizing nod or partial smile, but show a lurking tolerant preference for those who drive about in cars. They dress in long deep-coloured coats with widely turned-back collars, trimmed with golden braid and buttons. These, with the serious special hats and elegant thick gloves they wear, give them a pompous look significant of protection. They are there for your safety, not your pleasure, and as one is seldom in a danger which they could avert or lessen, their presence is a comfortable circumstance of simulated homes, apart in houses.

Inside these buildings other men, dressed in slightly different but equally unlike clothes, will gesture you through more doors they open, or toward more men who step about in slow restlessness before the elevators that carry you to your home. A man who stands forever with his hands near levers of machinery that move the elevator will take you up in it to where you live. They are not as importantly protecting as the men at doors, but they will tell you curious things about their lives and—because they see and breathe so little of it—talk with perfunctory eagerness about the sky and air outside.

Helped and guided by these men, many people in cities in America get into their homes.

The series of multiplied rooms set apart in buildings are very alike. They are shaped like square and oblong boxes, and are placed one after the other. They are furnished with uniformity according to their purpose. It is easier for people

to live in them so. A great difference in such things is a responsibility to the imagination, and might divert the attention of those who live in them from buying and selling and spending and being entertained and carried here and there in trains and cars. But often the division of the floors and windows of so many repeated rooms make a neat big sight on the high walls of the buildings which fit over them, and add a metrical order of solidarity to the blank unit of their structure.

* * *

There are some single houses used to live in. In the more successful cities they are of fine marble and stone, with windows and doors of felicitous proportions in frames of fitting lines. As land in desirable spots is of great worth, most of these are placed with little intervening space between and level with the street. A few stand in carefully tended surrounding grass and flowers, where people never are, but which make a pleasant sight to see. Others are of brick, with heavy trimmings of brown and grey stone, or finishings of wood. Smaller ones are all of wood, stained in dull colours.

In the newest settling at the edge of large cities, and in the thinned and connecting spaces between towns, some single houses will show an odd brightness in painted doors and window-blinds, or in small squares of tile and slate which make the roof: they are set up and back a little from the streets, with short steep steps approaching them, or walks of dirt and pebbles.

It is common to see extra rooms to hold the sun, with walls of glass in frames of wood or plaster, added to the fronts and corners of houses in America. But the sun shines there alone. Few people are ever seen within except at night, when they sit about a lighted lamp and read, or listen to music re-sounded from a machine. Where the sun could reach into the house through windows, the blinds are drawn

against it. It would seem that people who live in them dislike being ordinarily in the sun, preferring it in special segregated places, carefully arranged but easily avoidable. (If houses ever shall be built here entirely for sun, American people will screen the inside walls against it, or plan their rooms for living in the ground underneath.) It is taken as an exercise, or as a medicine in doses, but not freely shining in their lives.

Street after street of towns through the country is lined with hundreds and thousands of plaster and wooden houses standing openly side by side in inconsiderable difference of size and shape and material, but alike as a large family in a photograph, and with as little sense of life. Men and women and children can be seen going in and out; the high harsh shout of a child or the bark of a jumping dog is sometimes heard, but no living ferment comes from them. They invite you to walk by and come again to view their protective similarity, but do not have a look of individual life. It is as if the people in them had only a formula of it to show.

Families of people who have had time to live and die in the same house, with a steadiness of money to support them, have been content to live quite far apart, in large clumsy houses of solid building and comfortable use of many rooms. These are still visible in groups in prosperous cities where the activity of things has begun early and progressed not too attractingly. But the groups are broken into with increasing frequency as the houses are torn down to free the land they rest on for the newer habit of several families living in close strangeness under one roof for a short while. The pleasant look of generous single life they have is disappearing.

* * *

Some single houses which have been used for living are set aside for drinking, and though hundreds of men and

women who inhabit cities spend many hours of the day and night there to drink, they are welcomed cautiously, enter watchfully, and depart without gaiety. These houses are shut against the sun and air, smell of stale noise and drink, and are filled with a monotonous sound of thin mean voices in low vibration, threaded by loud moans and long high bouncing runs of laughter. In some of these places, more openly arranged for pleasure, you can eat as well as drink, though people eat in them with less regard for food than for the activity of meeting groups of people eating in close proximity. They are sometimes quite handsome places, with musicians playing in dark corners behind diminutive palm trees.

In others you can dance as well as eat and drink. Tables for eating are placed close to the walls, and the floor is clear for dancing in the middle of the room. Couples of men and women walk about with inert bodies pressed heavily against each other, making meagre movements of the head and feet. Here the musicians are placed in bright central prominence, and cunningly manipulate the sound of their instruments into rhythms to incite these movements.

In regions of cities where negroes live (there are many living in America), the places where they dance are gay and pleasing. They dance with their whole bodies in fresh variety of rhythm and visible joy of movement. They have faith in being alive and show the grace of it.

Seriously eating people, who consume their food in haste and rush away, can go to places arranged for this activity. Great tiled rooms are visible close to the street on lower floors of buildings. They are filled with tables and chairs set about in regular order, where people sit and dispatch quickly prepared and unpalatable food. The noise of many dishes and steps of people serving them to hungry eaters, the sound of eating and the rising talk from filling stomachs, sinks through the air.

In small long cells of rooms, men heat and combine food

on neat contrivances behind high counters; you can sit on stools before them, and watch their habituated gestures as they make it ready for your eating. Counters like these are also in stores where things are sold: you can sit amongst sponges and candy and bed-pans and books, and eat what has been cooked long before and sent from miles away for the convenience of your hunger. America abundantly indulges all habits of convenience.

* * *

Churches for the convenience of people of many different habits of religious belief are built in the style formed by the symbols peculiar to their difference, and of materials proper to the money given for the purpose. In remote places they are of painted wood or decorated plaster, but in prosperous and accessible cities where millions live, they are edifices of stone on busy streets or nearby sites.

Their roofs sometimes support towers in which rarely ringing bells are hung. Seldom open doors and windows are set far apart in walls carefully embellished with designs pressed in or cut out of the material. One of the favourite ways of trimming them is in courses of niches for carved statues of saintly figures; but as there are not enough old saints (and no new ones) to fill all, some niches are left empty, and merely decorate by shadow. A cross of reflecting gold, absorbing stone, even of electric light that shines out in the night, is forthrightly posed upon them.

Not many churches have stood for long: they are torn down or deserted as surroundings change in value, though here and there one of darkened brick or wood will seem to have been long used. They are less neutral than hotels and houses of apartments, and less big. They have the noticeable look of a single house or a theatre, and stand in isolated confidence.

At regularly recurring intervals of time, men, women

and children walk in and out of them, to pray and eat and sing and listen to what is the habit to say in churches about unknown things, spoken or read by men trained to earn their living thus; and to whom the stray praying, singing, eating, listening people pay money for this purpose, and to have a place to go where they do not live. Here they do not feel the pressure of known things, and can experience comfortable wishes and safe frights.

In a few of them, the men trained to manage the business of the church, and read and talk to those who come and hear, are men to whom unknown things are real, and who try to bring them into the life of people. But this is a difficult exercise. In a time when so many things are known, peoples' lives are sufficiently filled by such knowing; they will not be troubled by that which cannot be readily answered and explained. It demands too prolonged an effort of curiosity. It does not interest them to consider such things.

* * *

The body interests them, and there are buildings for the study and care of it and making of experiments upon all parts of it. As many people in this country are sick or crazy, there are plenty of bodies to be used. In the big cities, these buildings are assembled in groups, and few of the sparsely populated towns are without at least a single one.

The newer ones are high and smooth and clean, with long balconies open to the sun and air, and many windows—some of frosted glass. And always somewhere in the group there is a small building of unbroken walls, with vapours and steams eternally turning up the chimneys through the roof.

These are very silent places, though odd human sounds are sometimes sharply heard: and the cars that carry sick and dead people roll over quiet driveways to the doors.

* * *

Conspicuously separate are the halls in which the work of governing the people who live in segregated hundreds and thousands and millions is accomplished. Amidst all the conditions of fluctuating solidity and permanent flexibility, these buildings are maintained in steadier use than most, which gives them a look of selected dignity and busy seriousness.

In country places they appear in the natural centre of the settlement, showing a fair spread of grass or circle of trees and flowering bushes around them, and standing at the beginning of activities that have not changed much as they progressed, but have merely reached out a little further into the empty space beyond.

In cities where other buildings crowd them close, they still command a certain view of space and breath of air for their importance, and suggest by their dimensions that rooms and corridors and stairways are of generous size within. Those that have been built with belief in the authority of dutifully governing the outwardly lived life of people are shaped and spaced with a style reassuringly significant of order. These are rare, and look older than the rest. Many are extravagant in plan, and obvious repositories of profitable spending.

Where the work of governing and regulating is great, each different part of ordinary daily and nightly living needing its particular care and indulgence—cars and craziness and theatres and the use of money and sickness and hundreds of people living under one roof and remote single living—one hall is not enough to house the apparatus necessary to these several parts; so the men and women who support and are supported by this work are placed in adjacent halls and houses. These annexes of authority at intervals in one district make a nucleus of centralized restraint.

Men and women, but almost never children, form an irregular stream of sedate and furtive people trickling through the entrances and wandering about the free viewed space.

The formulation and re-arrangement of laws is a large part of governing the living of many people: and the protection of those who live according to such laws from those who do ignore or must disuse them is an even greater part. Buildings in which the record of laws is kept, and in which the individuals who disuse and ignore them can discuss and be judged, are considerable units of the nucleus. If they are judged as too inconvenient, uncomfortable or dangerous for acquiescent peoples, they are put apart in strong dark structures close by, or in bad bright brick jails on the outskirts of the city. Here they stay imprisoned until they acquiesce or pay much money or are killed.

A few escape without experiencing these things: but it is difficult, as high thick walls encircle such places; doors into them are of tremendous size and heavy; windows have bars of most resisting iron ranged across them.

In all the cities of America, these bars are used in building: before doors, across windows, at the entrances of theatres and churches, let into the sidewalks, at the gates of trains of cars, at the sides and backs of solid polished smoothly rolling cars for pearls and dynamite, in all buildings for the care and use of money, around some single houses, in front of small shops, and in countless places where many people meet and move. Where there are so many not very necessary things to get, and so many not very different places to go, the suggestion of barred inaccessibility makes them desirable to those whose only occupation is to go and get.

* * *

Books are a considerable part of the commerce in things for the pleasure of the mind: they are supplied in great numbers for those who want them. They can be bought almost everywhere that people go or pass—where one is entertained in hotels, where one buys for the adornment of the body and furnishing of the house, where food and dogs and drugs are

sold. There are always more to take the place of those bought.

Books that can be taken and read and returned by those who do not buy them are kept stacked high on shelves in halls built for the purpose. Some of these halls are of good proportion, set back from the street on spacious terraces, and not mounting too far up from earth. Even in small villages, you find one room somewhere kept apart for books which can be borrowed.

They are quiet and occasionally eager places where a few people constantly sit and read. Others move slowly about from shelf to shelf to take out and put away a book. Some gather in a room to stand at high slanting tables and read the newspapers spread out upon them. The rustle of the large paper leaves turned ceaselessly back and forth by their habituated readers makes an odd dry light sound in the silence. They do not stand long to read the news of the world that is printed in different languages in these papers: people who are occupied with going and getting and buying and spending wish to know the news that affects such things, and do not read other news unless they have bought the paper in which it is reported. But they stand before the papers for hours at a time, turning the pages slowly and using the sight of the words as a means of helping to induce a state of waking sleep. Books can be used for this too, and with a greater expenditure of time.

Calm men and women handle the thousands and thousands of books to be borrowed from libraries, ordering them on the shelves, giving them out and taking them back and helping readers to find them, answering questions concerning them, and writing down the history of their absence on tidy little cards.

And in the more commodious halls of books, where staircases, passages and secluded little rooms for the scant rest and cleaning of bodies are plentiful, vagrant old beings who

have no place to be or not to be at home in, or who have deserted the wornout dark houses in which they sleep to search some other place in which to sit and pretend to live, come wandering in from the streets. They can be seen sitting on benches and old chairs, and shuffling their lonely feet down the floor of distant corridors. In warm weather they circle about outside the building in a vacant busy way, looking at nothing over walls, and changing old packets of papers and books from under one arm to another.

* * *

Music is another thing for the pleasure of the mind and senses about which there is much commerce. Instruments of music can be bought, but are not sold as extensively as books nor is new music endlessly supplied. People who pass time in filling up on known things, going somewhere, buying, selling and sitting, do not care to use much of it in the effort of creating music. But Americans do like to hear music reproduced, or directly transported to their hearing, on easily functioning machines they can keep in their houses. Thousands of these are sold.

They also like to hear it played by a special few in halls, where they can buy the hearing of it, sit and listen to it, and leave it there. There are not many of these halls, most of them being found in cities where there is much spending. In some instances they are finely built, of enduring stone and marble outside and embellishments of golden splendour within, all perfectly planned for the sound of music. Great high rooms hold rows of seats for listening people closely placed upon the floor and strung out on tiers of balconies, and a raised platform kept separate for those who play. In the newer buildings of this sort, the great central room will be surrounded by smaller rooms in which almost anything can take place; but here and there a good old building will seem to have been used always for the containing of precisely

beautiful sound to reach the ears of people and to fill the air around.

* * *

The teaching of children what they are obliged to learn is conducted in solidly accommodating buildings. In a country where so many people live, children are always being born who have to go to school and get an education, and strong new buildings for them constantly appear. Close to towns and cities they are large and often of pale yellow bricks or blocks of composed stone and neutral plaster, the earth about them covered with concrete or spread over with cement. In distant places, simple little schools of deep brick and weathered wood, the ground in front worn down in patches, stand singly by the road.

Young boys and girls must go to school for a certain number of hours each of a certain number of days, until they can read and speak and write and figure and remember. Their attendance there and what they are taught is one of the governed activities, cared for by those who work at such things, and paid for by the people who inhabit the cities and towns and states in which they stand.

The business of teaching older people is conducted on a bigger scale. In beautiful remote places, in regions closely skirting the centre of crowded cities, numerous buildings form communities of teaching. They are built in handsome borrowed styles, good materials being used, the land around them generously laid out in walks and courts. Groups of individuals give much money for the acquisition of property, the planning and erecting of comfortable buildings for students, and the hiring of teachers to graduate them.

In the time when men and women first settled in this country they used so much of themselves for the discovery of life in a new great place, and learned to live it so fully, there was little need for this widespread business of teaching.

The creation of a civilization educated them for living. Those who wished the pleasure of a greater use of the mind learned it from men who shared this pleasure with them and taught in few and simple places. These places still exist, but are no longer simple, nor is there much pleasure of the mind to be had from them.

A part of the educating discovery was capturing from the air, digging from the earth and growing upon it things useful to man. The country seemed to be limitlessly supplied with different forms of life which could be transformed into food, shelter, heat, light and power. The long plains, the vast waters, the rich and fertile distances of land, offered everything needed to the brave enduring lust of men for life. They adventured dangerously toward it; fought, cheated, thought, felt and killed to get it; and, in bewildered destiny, declared it theirs.

The things needed for life became plentiful, and the means of transporting them were initiated with rapidly profitable sagacity. Ordinary needs were met, and still the land was not exhausted. The myth of America became fact, and men were distracted by the treasure they uncovered. The imagination was tamed to find new uses for the abundant extra material ready at hand, and delivered up new and contagious enticements to the natural bent of man for bodily ease. Things were invented with astonishing ingenuity for the convenience and comfort of the body; the American people were particularly well-disposed to consume them. Physical life, under shrewd disguises of health, morals and success, was given immoderate ascendance. Men and women were pleased to recognize the gradually established supremacy of their bodies, and everything that contributed to it became worth much money. Their minds were lulled, their spirits rested.

The comfort of the body is of value to the life of man, but it is a dull God to worship.

Millions of physically desirable and comforting things were devised and the labour of men and women and children and beasts was needed to sustain the stupendous activity of producing them and profiting by it. Machines were constructed to reproduce their combined energies and were applied to this somatic industry. The country was covered with things and filled with the money they made. People from all over the world, having heard of the romantic struggles of Americans to create a fresh freedom and way of life on a newly settled continent, believed that money to be made and enjoyed was a miraculous part of the accomplishment. They were easily lured from other countries to learn the habits of this one, and were hired in great numbers to work in the fields and at machines.

Many of the people born in this country became infected with the inclination to devote their lives and expend their energy of mind on means of developing the production and distribution and sale of masses of things. Great and exciting fortunes were dramatically conjured out of lucky labour. The gallant ideas which were to shape the country and give it its direction were furtively suspended and subtly forsaken: the singly blazing impulse which conceived them died: it was not strong enough to keep men on their feet against the looming onset of transported things. They got tired and rich, and sat down. Powerfully seated, they pledged their spirit to sleep.

Men whose only aptitude was for the automatic accumulation of money, advanced into control of the country, and by the craftiest commandments subdued its people into the mighty captivity of things and money.

Money is a curious thing. Imagination and courage are needed to acquire it but when it is established its demands upon the whole individual self are less continuous than other created things. It can feed greedily upon its own fat, and gets ahead of its creator by not needing him any more,—only his

habits. It is one of the reasons why people fear and love it. (Ideas need the constant nourishment of the living self to flourish, often causing great bodily discomfort. It is one of the reasons why people fear and hate them.) In America, it no longer serves to support the civilization which the first generations of men and women who came here planned to create. It lives its own exacting life. I often wonder if it is lonely, severed from the valuable life of man, and ordering its own existence. As a part of life, it is a powerful and attractive thing: isolated from it, it is dreary.

Because of it, a noticeable change took place in what the later generations of men and women wanted to learn. They perceived education as a propitious means of acquiring knowledge helpful to the making and selling and buying of money-bearing things; and as the possession of money in itself became an insignia of rank without reference to its use, millions of boys and girls wanted this knowledge as they grew older, and strove to get it.

New communities of learning were founded in cities and country places, and more room was added to those already standing. Theatres, halls of books and music, churches and laboratories, small hotels of rooms are now included in these groups of buildings. Large sections of the owned ground are arranged for the convenient exercise of the body, and huge high rooms are equipped with mechanical devices for the same purpose. Games are invented with some degree of cunning to demonstrate the competitive ability of the body of men and women who go there to learn, and these are played in big rectangles and ovals and squares of ground marked out in precise plan. Men who have been extremely successful in acquiring money have given generously of it in turn to these institutions, realizing that it is useful to teach the young the habits money needs for its increase.

* * *

Great blocks of square and rectangular buildings, layers of large windows of opaque glass in their walls, wide heavy doors at the entrances, are ranged close to the ocean and rivers and lakes in cities. In inland places they are dispersed about singly here and there, grouped in special sections, or ringed about the outskirts of towns. If there is no water near, it is conducted to them by pressure through pipes, as the power generated by water is necessary to the production of masses of things that are made in these buildings, and sent out to be sold in the shops and markets of this and other countries.

Machinery is made, motors are constructed, clothes woven and dyed, animals killed and prepared for human eating, dresses and suits and hats cut out and sewn together, alcohol distilled from wheat and grapes, liquids coloured and flavoured, boxes and bottles and toys and shoes and glass and cigarettes shaped and formed; medicines, soaps, perfumes and pens,—hundreds and thousands of odd and sometimes needful and occasionally beautiful objects are steadily daily produced in these buildings by the movements of millions of men and women who operate machines ingeniously fashioned for the precise work of turning out such things.

Inexhaustibly alike things can be produced over and over again, until there is no further use or desire for the object. If those who make them break down, others take their place. It only needs the machines, the materials that go into them, and the constant repeated movements of millions of men and women and children endlessly at work, operating the different parts of the machines and aiding their functions for long hours of the day and into the night, to make the countless identical things that American people buy to eat and drink and wear and use.

As there is little deep and sustained need in this country for beautifully created things, or to create them (though there is a general liking and slavish acceptance of the same

new things), and as there is an accumulative demand for increased bodily comfort and passivity, this is an extremely convenient and suitable way of offering for renewed acceptance objects that are quickly made, easily destroyed, and endlessly supplied. Many towns live for and by this conspiracy of things, the people who manufacture them making a special appearance in the streets at those hours of the day when they are not working.

In crowded cities, these factories are impressive to look at when built on a great scale, with order and logic for the inexorable service of things. Some of them are situated amidst trees and grass and climbing vines, with space for sun and air to reach them, and seem agreeable and efficient plants of use. And now and again some necessity of their functioning will be met by an exact plan of structure, mathematically contrived, and creating a perfect beauty composed of balanced masses, sharp angles and cylindrical volumes, all delicately connected by traceries of steel. One could believe them to be deliberately designed for the pleasure of people to whom beauty is desirable, but the engineers who plan them have no such idea in mind. They are an extra delight to the eye. The life within is not related to delight.

* * *

Here and there are buildings in which the careful investigation of the valuable substances captured from the air and dug out of the earth is conducted. Their properties are examined, experiments are made in the application of them, and knowledge of their processes organized. When they are proved useful, they are concentrated in great central plants of buildings from where they are sent out across rivers and through mountains and between cities by various devices suitable to their properties, into houses and hotels and churches and factories and stores and theatres and streets

and stations and docks and furnaces and fields, to men and women who need heat and light and power and water and to be moved,—to be moved from one city to another, from one street to another, from one building to another, from one room on one floor to another room on another floor, from entertainment and buying and governing and eating and praying to home.

These plants of forces, the machinery which contains and directs them, the buildings which protect them and the men who attend them, form the steady centres of American life, and support the essential aims of American living. They are powerful places. When you see them and hear the noise of their works you feel the concentrated strength of their urgency and the immense pressure of their usefulness. Our civilization depends on them. Churches, schools, libraries and buildings of government are decorative accidents in our lives, but these are our unworshipped temples of necessity. Houses, hospitals and theatres, hotels, multiplied homes set apart could be closed on emptiness, activity in the factories of things and the stores which sell them and the buildings where the money they make is cared for could cease, the fields and hills and valleys and waters of the country could be deserted, the trains that run on connecting tracks between the cities could stand motionless and ships lie tied to land before service would be suspended in any of these temples. Whoever should determine to ordain the distribution of needful energies from these plants and appoint the duties of those dedicated to service in them, could bring all different states of dependant life on the continent into his absolute control, beyond the strength of money, government or prayer,—beyond the strength of everything but death.

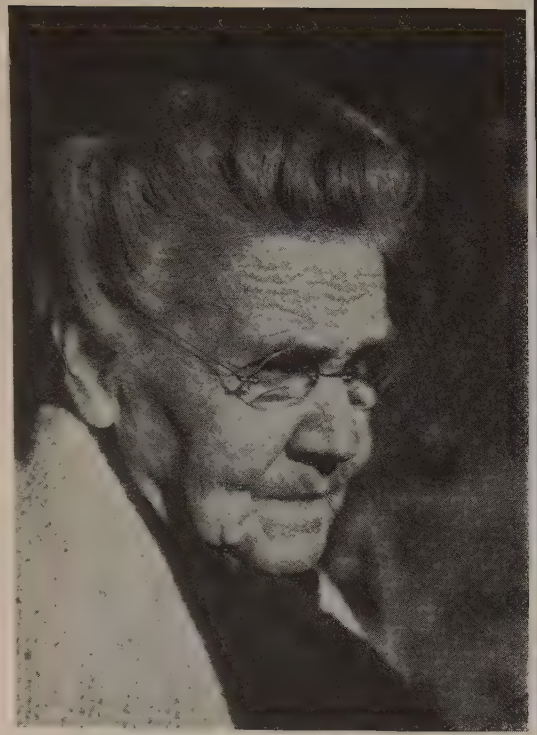
* * *

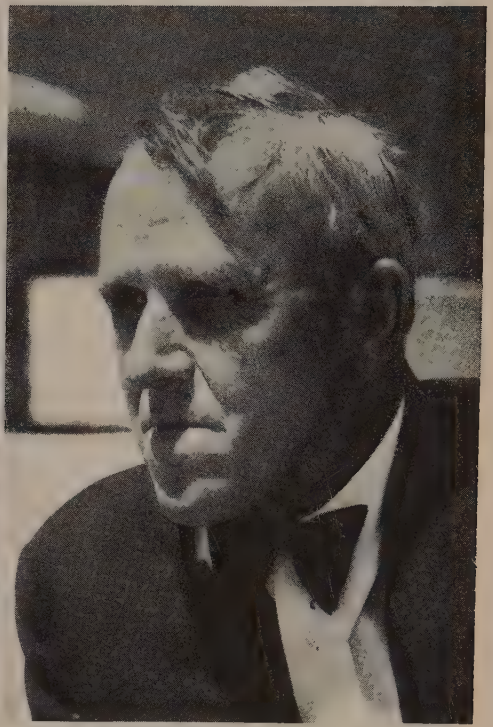
These things are seen where people dwell in this strange place.

The cities and towns and villages are not everywhere alike. Some lie flat and discouraged between parallel streets, or climb a dejected distance up surrounding hills. Others grow from rows of duplicated houses into one central street of noisy cars and a few big startled buildings fashioned with false elaboration. Here and there handfuls of lost dwellings and a store lie dropped from the fast movement of men to richer places. There are settlements which do not live or die; and those which, begun for greatness, stop at crowded smallness. A few rest quietly in old peace, the original decency of their existence undisturbed, the men and women living there on what geography and their industry provides. Many are repeated stops in the dim exhausted endlessness of the great cities toward which they reach.

In the great cities where men crowd to work, to eat and be entertained and buried, the fine buildings for money and stored food and sickness and buying and selling and close living are sights of unplanned splendour to the eye. Over them arches the high and lucent sky of America. Waters of rivers and sea and lakes move about them day and night. In the darkness they shine out in brilliant radiance from cunning structures of light.

Men and women walk fast to nowhere along their glittering streets and move through them to the next place in bright streams of cars. Without knowing how these people use themselves in life and love and death, one could look at these great cities and believe that here was majesty and gaiety for every living thing. One could think that here at last was grace of room and place and good measure of fulfillment for needful things of life. One could imagine men brave and sure and powerful in such places, living with mastery of want and eagerness of wish, working to enjoy the divine accretions of their seed. One could feel that the vast odd ugliness of smaller places and wasted space between would be transformed into equal beauty by the magic





STILL SHOTS FROM "THE FACE OF NEW ENGLAND"

STILL SHOTS FROM "THE FACE OF NEW ENGLAND"

FILM IN PROGRESS BY HENWAR RODAKIEWICZ

of this mastery, and that faith in this enjoyment could lift the hovering dreariness.

To look at them without knowing one could be persuaded of all this. Yet the life that is lived within these great disenchanted cities by massed millions is devoted to fearful and exacting support of the apparatus they have produced, and in wilful denial of the life that could be created by it. They are busy—forever busy! busy about money, about eating, about going somewhere else, about buying, about disordered killing and safe dying, about laughing, governing, selling, health and sleeping; busy in a mild, somnambulistic way. They move round and round the external circle of life with acquiescent unreal movements. From within, they lean against each other in reciprocal hypnosis of despair.

They sit like monstrous children nursed in toy cities on the floor.

Muriel Draper

SEA ISLAND MISCELLANY

I

ALL day my dog runs up and down
the fury of the surf-line, meeting
the crumpled havoc of each breaker
with the cowed fury of his own greeting.

(There is in his retreating bark
what I feel only after dark)

When we get home he will I think
deaf with the sea's indifferent roar,
vociferate the morning mail-man
with harsher fury than before.

II

Brown in their summer cowls
above the tidemarks live
the weasel mouse and owl
from the second of breath
to the second of death
and never raise an eye
lest they grow fugitive
(so watching likewise I)
and, salt-sea-mortified,
there be no room to hide,
no earth in which to die.

III

The tough sea-island sheep
towards dawn break up our sleep;
may they attend likewise
the death we do this day put off—
with the faint, fog-cracked cough
of half surprise.

IV

Mirage

The wind was in another country, and
the day had gathered to its heart of noon
the sum of silence, heat, and stricken time.
Not a ripple spread. The sea mirrored
perfectly all the nothing in the sky.
We had to walk about to keep our eyes
from seeing nothing, and our hearts from stopping
at nothing. Then most suddenly we saw
horizon on horizon lifting up
out of the sea's rim a shining mountain
sun-yellow and sea-green; against it surf
flung spray and spume into the miles of sky.
Somebody said mirage, and it was gone,
but there I have been living ever since.

V

One grey and foaming day
I looked from my lee shore
landwards across the bay:
my eyes grew small and sore.

Low in the low sea-waves
the coastline sank from sight;
the viewless, full sea-graves
stood open like the night:

(sea waters are most bare
when darkness spreads her trawl,
the sea-night winds her snare
either for ship or soul).

Once along this coast
my fathers made their sail
and were with all hands lost,
outweathered in a gale.

Now from long looking I
have come on second sight,
there where the lost shores lie
the sea is breeding night.

VI

Nothing moves much but the tide
in this mid island thoroughfare;
stillness of rock on either side,
a gull here and a white heron there.

And the gull skims when the tide falls
over the herring down to sea,
the han* breaks heavy wings and calls,
slow-vanishing, thrice raucously.

What moved in me left with the birds,
and left one thing to think upon:

* *Han* is a term for *heron*, common on the coast of Maine.

so I, in three unspeakable words,
cry thrice my own oblivion.

VII

Some days the lobstermen
make me their company;
riding the sea is then
arduous intimacy.

Observe old Danny Watts
reach with a rumbling laugh
after a ducking pot
and hook it with a gaff,

untie and empty, bait,
and with one body-turn
cast the netted crate
over the side, astern.

—The morning business
too quickly overcome,
my lubber's earning is
to have been made at home.

VIII

Here are we in the blown sea spray,
quick salt in the breath we breathe;
sea-violence strikes the day,
there is soft-falling underneath.

But do not think I hold you so
because I love you or because
the billows with their come and go
toss us together like two straws

No. I am afraid lest you
be bare as I am, lest the sea take
from you as me, and then you, too,
ride naked where the first seas break.

IX

Half-tide Ledge

Sunday the sea made morning worship, sang
Venite, Kyrie, and a long Amen;
over a flowing cassock did put on
glittering blindness, surplice of the sun.
Towards high noon her eldest, high-run tide
rebelled at formal song and in the Sanctus
made heavy heavy mockery of God;
and I, almost before I knew it, saw
the altar ledges of the Lord awash.
These are the obsequies I think on most.

X

Sea-Odalisque

East of the eastern ledge a hundred yards
the haddock feed on rising tides, and there
I choose a round warm room, walled in fog,
and let my dory anchor go. I hear
only Nash Island's friendly signal bell
and sometimes, distant, from Petit Manan,
a lonely horn dying out, lost, and dull,
creeping along the waters under the fog.

Though I have fish enough for chowder, still
the oars lie straight and quiet along the thwarts,

and likewise I. There is no hurry on the sea.
Languorous kelp and rock-weed drift me by,
three porpoises whirl up their flukes astern,
a seal emerges from the grey ground swell,
regards me slowly, slowly submarines.
The boat makes slowly north and south, slowly
rises from trough to crest, as slowly settles.
This is the lulling of a lullaby.

The tide of hours comes to its full, and I
wonder why men abuse their flesh with mermaids,
image sea-nymphs and such like fictive things.
There is the sea herself, her long low swell,
in my own room, spreading her lazy thighs.

XI

Pray for a night-storm,
pray for an open sea;
hidden upon the land
the body will be warm,
while the soul, cold and free,
raises a bare hand
over a full sea.

XII

Seas Incarnadine

Wind wás not. Flát was, bút was imminent.
The long grey swells reddened with the dawn,
I saw the black spar buoy on Leighton's shoal
lifted on red water and dip from sight.
The breaking of the seas below was dull.
I on my cliff stood up in all my blood

confessing the sudden murder in my heart
to the dark tangle of rock and spray beneath.
Had I friend there I would have cast him down.

Red vanished and the shrunken sun sky-lost.
Like mountain-night wind was, sheer-fallen, black.
I could not see nor hear nor breathe, but held,
sea-crucified, back-nailed against granite,
wind-fast, tight-drenched, flat-flailed, a sacrifice
vainly surrendered to unpropitiable seas.

Seas would not take me. All I saw of glory,
where twenty fathoms broke gigantic black
backs to shrieking smother, fathoms in air,
made me run out of blood entirely. I was
the only prisoner in a world set free.

XIII

I

Where shall I go then
if all I wish is going,
what must I know then
if all I need is knowing?

Sea-answer is sea-deep.
Look at the sea and sleep,
ever waves are furling
over and under and back
furling unfurling still furling
over and deeper and black;
look at the sea look down
under the tidal sweep
dark waters are

a still black star
and drown.

2

What is treasure for
if I am always more
than any treasure, less
than any nothingness?

Sea-answer is sea-sand.
Look at the tide's bare hand
then at the flotsam trove
it scatters in this cove,
a melting jellyfish
a sailor's wooden dish
and an old galley stove
content on the bare sand.

R. P. Blackmur

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

THE paintings of Eilshemius are laughable, that is, they have been laughed at so heartily that it takes courage to realize and confess with the unavoidable blush that he is the greatest American painter of his generation. Yet there was good ground for laughing. Eilshemius was no man of mystery. Known to all dealers, to all painters and critics for decades, and not one to think much of him or his work. So his paintings accumulated right where he lived, on East 57th Street, the heart of the art market. Not in the hands of dealers, of course, but in his own house, stocked behind sofas and washstands, in his cellar, in his attic, well varnished under a coat of dust. Year after year the pile would grow, strata upon strata, with almost undisturbed geological precision.

For all of this long time Eilshemius was the only one to believe in his work. He would publish in print this faith, force his copy on reluctant art editors. For the public, misunderstood geniuses lose interest if, first and above all, they do not misunderstand themselves. That a Van Gogh died in full consciousness of his genius is indeed a thought to make one uneasy. But at least Van Gogh was discreet about it, his brother being the only one to share his secret. Eilshemius wanted to take the whole world as witness and thus, paradoxically, brought himself to a state of the most public isolation.

The pictures themselves are, even now that all agree on their goodness, rather difficult to forgive. We pride ourselves on sophistication and nature seems to us very poor art

indeed. But not only do the paintings of Eilshemius look like nature, but like nature at its worst, when its sunsets and moonlights, lakes and ladies and gondolas remind one of artistic picture postcards or of the gilded and embossed design on a Cuban cigar box.

These are the odds. Grave as they may be on social grounds, it is evident that, esthetically, they are not even blemishes. There have been good artists who knew they were good and said so, and taste is rather in inverse ratio to greatness. Whistler had good taste. But the very great have great innocence and fall more easily into social errors. Witness the Turkish Bath of Monsieur Ingres or the daubs of that other vulgarian, Courbet. Because the good artist realizes shamelessly whatever his inner impulse bids him do. Of the critics, the public, he does not think. His struggles, his victories, are strictly fought and won in isolation. In not one of Eilshemius' pictures is there a hint or knowledge that he will not be the only one to look at them, none of that slight stiffening of the backbone of the man who knows he is being watched.

The freshness and clarity of his early landscapes are little short of a miracle when one thinks of the bitumen-loaded brush of his contemporaries. Among the best are souvenirs of his trip to the South Seas. The king and his family, and many native beauties, were painted with all the intimate seriousness with which one would paint his friends and parents. And he probably left some pictures in their huts as gifts, as I remember having seen one of them, a beautiful small jungle landscape with a woman, exhibited and much praised as a rediscovered Gauguin. Later on Eilshemius indulges in more fantastic subjects, but be they nymphs monkeying in moonlit forests or ghostly riders under majestic clouds, they all obey to the same sweeping joyful rhythms of his spiritual maturity.

The technical resolutions always inventively genuine are

of the greatest simplicity. The atmospheres, laid thin, vanish into layers of space with the airy nobility of a Lorrain, upon which foliages are spattered with the craft and zest of a house painter or a Dosso Dossi. The textures are contrived with new physical means; I remember some donkeys with all their hair engraved in pencil on the thick impasto. Figures well into the atmosphere at a distance, acquire, when you get closer to them, a wealth of details that do not somehow intrude on the whole. They are, as their author puts it in a fit of pride, as truthful and complete as a photograph. It is true that a picture by Eilshemius is not any more paint on canvas, but admits you from the start into its three-dimensional reality.

This belief in an outer world, in the existence of the object, is the proof of a good mental health even if it belies the actual trend of art-philosophy. Painting being optic and optic dealing with bodies, bodies in function of light, as Poussin has it—the more objects, the more details in those objects, the more painting you will have in your picture. Not that Eilshemius finds any problem at all in the representation of objects; they all come to the tip of his brush; the trees, the water, the nymphs, the mountains, as swiftly as the rabbit from the magician's hat. Yet in spite of all the story telling, the illustrative quality which he relishes, his pictures are endowed with a spiritual animation that far outweighs their realism. His models, often trivial, are made by the alchemy of genius to give utterances deep if disconnected with their everydayness. I recall a picture now in the Phillips Memorial Gallery called "The Rejected Suitor". A gentleman in a brown derby, some Victorian ladies amidst furniture to match. The artist had swallowed it whole, bustles, gilt and plush, without a hint at discrimination or fun-poking. Yet it was impossible to escape the sense of mystery, subdued and subtle, that permeated it, reminding one of Vermeer and Rembrandt.

Historically, Eilshemius, like Rousseau, is a freak. Which

SUNDAY AFTERNOON .CENTRAL PARK AT 72nd STREET — LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

VALENTINE GALLERY)

THE REJECTED SUITOR

(PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY: WASHINGTON

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

CHORUS GIRL: 1890

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

VALENTINE GALLERY)

means that it is hard for art critics to make him fall in line. Possessed of the cocksure craftsmanship of a Magnasco or a Dufy he ought to be, on technical grounds, classified beside such examples of subtle decadence. But the art of those virtuosi, humorous or exquisite as it may be, is somewhat shallow in spiritual content. On the contrary, the work of Eilshemius, though dressed up in similar garb, is all permeated by a spirit of childish innocence, of wonderment before the beauties of the world, a spirit to be described only by the word "primitive".

If the history of art does not yield readily to include Eilshemius, much less will the history of today. Unmistakably, the gargantuan good health with which he succeeds in recreating a whole world with ease, does brand our painter as unfashionable. The giants of modern art, battling forever with a guitar, the ripping feats of a Picasso in humbling the human machine, bring us more readily to our knees. But an artist paints more often for the future generations than for his own, and Eilshemius can afford to wait. His pictures exhumed, soaped, scrubbed and framed, are at last in the hands of an intelligent dealer. They are well revered by the youngest of art students who puzzle already at the fundamental distrust and discomfort that nature gave to their elders, and feel somewhat distracted in the presence of abstractions. They look back for guidance to those masters of yesterday whose realism and craftsmanship they relish. Their cruel and pious hands, to make place for Picasso, take down the shelves and dust tenderly the somewhat bruised busts of Gerôme and Bouguereau. In the days to come, much emphasis will be laid upon objective rendering and technical excellence. By then, the art of Eilshemius, blending such qualities with those of the spirit, may be a useful reminder that after all, and however real paint may look, "la pittura è cosa mentale".

JEAN CHARLOT

TRAVELOGUE

THERE was a road that climbed the coastal ridges
And glided through a valley with smooth walls.
And these brass walls had cropped the sun as fruit,
Ethereal harvest of the rainless season.
The bright transparent fire on that land
Was like a silent rhyme proposed by logic.
Or you could wander in a yellow grove
Nor stir from off the ivory branch
The bird of graven gold that has no song.

How burn the heatless fires of the head?

They burn. They fade.
And leave you gazing on your empty palm;
Or I at least walked over this dry field,
Reflecting on myself: I, angular,
A treason to tranquillities of sunlight,
Draped sullenly in woollens from New York—
He's such a dark and foreign-looking stranger!

Low in a wash some oak-trees thrive in boulders,
And these were like rough outward-flowering rocks.
Can a poor man find place here for his house?

HOWARD BAKER

A GLASS OF WINE

IN THE spring of 1837 at the presidential mansion in Houston, the capital of the new republic, J. J. Audubon met Mr. Crawford, an agent of the British minister to Mexico, who had come to say that England wished to buy Texas. The mansion was a log house of two rooms with a passage, in the Southern style. Audubon had approached in water above his ankles, for the prairies were covered, and had found the house muddy and filthy, being hardly out of the water. A large fire was burning, and a table covered with paper and writing material was in the center of the room; campbeds and trunks and different materials were strewn about. Audubon looked at Crawford with embarrassment, but Crawford, who had been waiting for some time, smiled and suggested a walk up town. The capitol building was yet without a roof, and the floors, benches, and tables of both houses of Congress were water-soaked. A Congressman, though he recognized neither of the visitors, invited them into a booth; after ordering several rounds of grog, he gave the barkeep his name, instead of cash.

In April, just before the anniversary of San Jacinto, a flagstaff was set up on Main Street, and a large silk flag was displayed. Several hundred Indians executed a war dance around the flagpole—singing a tune that they best of all un-

derstood, moving their feet to the antique rhythm—ending the dance with a strange call. The Indians dispersed. Later six chiefs sat down and asked for General Houston, who had, in fact, been waiting for that moment. He came, and spoke about the new government, acquitting himself with his usual tact, and arousing a great deal of admiration. Presents were sent for. Soon the Indians got drunk, and Houston was forced to request that no more presents be given or sold. The Indians retired to the woods at once, where they yelled all night. Out of sight next day they forgot the fine talk with the President and reached home with several wet scalps.

A ball was given in Houston on the first anniversary of San Jacinto that would have reflected credit on any of the large cities of the United States, due to the great number attending, drawn for miles, from the settled portions of the State. There were many elegant looking people handsomely dressed, for most of them had not been in Texas long enough to wear out the finery they had brought from the States; and if anything new was purchased, no doubt it came from New Orleans. The ball was held in a two-story building, partially finished, with a floor big enough to accommodate several cotillions. Chandeliers, made of wood with sockets to hold the sperm candles, hung at regular distances along the rafters, the candles spreading a dim light, and also, alas, a liberal splattering of sperm upon the dancers below. Music was furnished by a violin, a bass viol, and a fife. Ladies and escorts came on horseback, in parties, accompanied by negro servants and maids carrying the ball costumes. From Harrisburg they came in large rowboats, a means of conveyance preferable to horseback riding through the thick undergrowth; night in the Brazos bottom was hideous with the yelping of wolves, cries of the Mexican panther, the hum of mosquitoes. When General Houston and Mrs. Baker, his lady, approached the ballroom, where dancing had already begun, the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief." The

guests made way, and Houston's whole party, the General and Mrs. Baker leading, and their servants bringing up the rear, marched to the upper end of the room. There the wraps were laid aside, and when the ladies had changed black slippers for white ones, everybody was ready to join in the dance. Some ladies wore white mull with satin trimmings, others colored satins, but naturally in so large an assembly, gathered from many different places, there was a great variety of costume. Mrs. Baker wore white satin with a black lace overdress. All wore in their hair ornaments of flowers or feathers, some posies of Mexican manufacture being particularly noticeable on account of their great rarity and beauty. There was venison and turkey and cake and coffee—most truly did good digestion wait on appetite! And at midnight the toasts were given.

"To the President of the Republic of Texas" (three cheers); tune, "March."

"The Vice-President of the Republic of Texas" (three cheers); tune, "Welcome La Fayette."

"The Day We Celebrate" (six cheers); tune, "Hail Columbia."

"Texas—May her foes turn pale at her name, and may she flourish until time is no more"; tune, "It ofttimes has been told."

"The Heroes of San Jacinto—Champions in the struggle for Liberty, they justly merit the gratitude of their country"; tune, "When wild war's deadly blast is blown."

"To the memory of Travis" (drunk in silence).

"Army of Mexico—What a dust we fleas kick up"; tune, "Spider and the fly."

"Texas Navy—May she unfurl the banners of victory and ride triumphant on the ocean"; tune, "Lashed to the helm."

"Star of Texas—A beacon light to the path of liberty"; tune, "Yankee Doodle."

"Soldiers of Texas—May their breastworks be Honor, and

Fear always a day's march behind them"; tune, "Soldier's Bride."

"Mexican prisoners—May they on their return home recollect the first lesson of Cyrus, 'To tell the truth'"; tune, "Dear native homes."

"Our host and hostess."

"The Fair—The highest incentives to honor."

Henderson had not gone to the ball. He stood in his small frame house that smelled of pine resin, listening to old Boggs tell a story, about the horsebreaker Weed; there was a fire, though it was late spring. Propped in the doorway he looked across his land, plowed, wet, cold, broken; nearly trembling in blue moonlight.

When the horsebreaker Weed crossed the Sabine, he had a light Louisiana cart, wood wheels and no tires, a yoke of yearling beeves hitched to the cart, some little plunder, and a young and pretty wife. He stopped in Texas on the Sabine and engaged in horsebreaking. The next year after travelling west, he stopped on the Neches. He had the same cart, his yearlings had become two-year-olds, he had a new pair of yearlings, more plunder in his cart, the same wife, and a baby added. After spending several months here breaking horses he crossed to the west of the Trinity. He had then a small two-horse wagon, his two-year-old steers were good three-year-olds, his yearlings had become two-year-olds, and he had a pair of yearlings in the lead. He had a chicken coop attached to the wagon, the wagon was full of plunder, his wife was with him—looking well—and he then had two boys, and behind the wagon a mare and a colt. He finally reached the Colorado with about the outfit named.

Henderson laughed. "Your horsebreaker," he said, "is a moving, prosperous man."

The belated acceptance of Texas by the United States, in 1846, increased the inevitability of a civil war; and ended the power of Mexico north of Coahuila. That power began

when, in 1529, Panfilo de Narvaez, following the discoveries of Christopher Columbus to the Indian "Jaymaca," the island of springs, and those of Juan Ponce de Leon to "Juan Ponce," Florida, was caught in a storm, and shipwrecked: Close to shore a wave took us and hurled the barge a horse's length out of water. With the violent shock nearly all the people who lay in the boat like dead came to themselves, and, seeing we were near land, began to crawl out on all-fours. As they took to some rocks, we built a fire and toasted some of our maize. We found rainwater, and with the warmth of the fire people revived and began to cheer up.

The scribe and high-sheriff of the expedition, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, collecting a small band, left the Island of Ill Chance and travelled west, across Texas, to the Rio de las Palmas, then southwest to the Pacific. Through tribes of Attacampans, Karankawans, Coahuiltecans, and Tanoans the men wandered, as captives, gods, or friends, living like beasts, shedding their skins twice a year, saying Ave Marias and Pater Nosters. They went from the famine-thin natives of the Island of Ill Chance, who lived on roots and clams, to tribes—living in the plains country, where Cabeza de Vaca admired the opossum that never moved until her young were pouched, and buffalo, raising dust columns on the plains, wallowing in mud that hardened and formed a protection against flies—sagacious tribes that wore ornaments, bought from peddlers, and calculated seasons by the rising of the stars, to descendants of the pueblo Indians of the north, who cultivated beans, pumpkins, and calabashes, wore cotton mantles, parrot feathers, turquoises and emeralds, who could, if the main bones were missed, shoot clean through a buffalo, and for whom the god was Aguar, and finally to the country where one ate, according to the season, ripe tunas, or cooked green tunas. Cabeza de Vaca told people he wished to go where the sun was setting: they said inhabitants in that direction were remote.

Cortez imprisoned Francisco de Garay, first governor of the territory from Tampico to the Rio de las Palmas (the Rio Grande del Norte), and himself became governor, naming the territory "Vitoria Garayana." By order of Cortez, Fray Marcos of Nizza went north through Sinaloa to the Zuni tribes. Alarcon followed, then Diaz, Coronado, Cardenas. Late in that century, the Venerable Mother Mary of Agreda wrote from her convent regarding the kingdom of the Ticlas or Theas, "friends," east of the Gran Quivira; the peace league of the Tonkawans and Adaizans, Caddoan tribes, had become famous. In 1689, four years after La Salle built Fort St. Louis on Lavaca River, in south-central Texas, Alonzo de Leon, in the presence of the chief of all the Texas nations, established a mission and village, San Francisco de los Tejas.

Eventually the menace of France in Louisiana drew Spain into Texas, with soldiers and missions; men of Nacogdoches crossed the Sabine on visits to the women of Natchitoches. Domingo Ramon, riding up to his stirrups in the San Antonio River, saw, in a cluster of willows, walnuts, and elms, springs strong enough to supply a city; and fifteen years later, the new town San Antonio de Béxar granted the southeast corner of its plaza to María Robaina de Bethencourt, an heiress of the sovereign family of the Canary Islands, a pioneer who possessed five conspicuous paintings, a writing desk inlaid with ivory, a chest of tortoise shell and silver, another of Cordova leather, with screens, rugs, and cushions to match, numerous pieces of old silver as well as china and crystal ware, jewels, an ivory fan, a cigaret case of burnished gold. The south wing of the baptistry of the mission San Joseph de San Miguel de Aguayo was carved by Pedro Huizar, whose ancestor is said to have helped with the Alcazar of Seville.

By 1760 it was forbidden in San Antonio de Béxar to loiter, to carry arms, drink, gamble, dance the fandango,

permit cattle to graze in public, to brew aguardiente, and fish and gather nuts without a license; farmers were ordered not to sell of monopolies, fences were put up, and a bando proclaimed stray cows property of the king of Spain. Father Garcia had written a grammar of the most common Indian dialects. Then the Caddoan tribes, settled about the Red River of Louisiana and the Caddo Lake down to the plains of central Texas, were at the climax of their culture: worshipping fire, they sent coals from a central temple to one in the east, and to one in the west, and were ruled by a woman, the Sanate Adiva, or Señora Grande or Principal, who had a house of many divisions, and husbands and the care of innumerable servants; neighboring nations revered her, and sent her the presents given a queen. By this time, English traders had penetrated to the Texas border.

The American settlement San Felipe de Austin was made in 1821, its people to be Roman Apostolic Catholics, its empresario to undertake the organization of a militia, the preservation of order, the administration of justice. The influence of Mexican independence was about to be felt from the rising of the sun to the place of its going down, and Mexico was about to become the center of the commerce of the world, connecting Europe and Asia.

Commandancy of the Alamo,
Bejar, Feby. 24th, 1836—

To the People of Texas & all Americans in the world:

Fellow Citizens & Compatriots—I am besieged, by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna—I have sustained a continued Bombardment & cannonade for 24 hours & have not lost a man—the enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken—I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, & our flag still waves proudly from the walls—*I shall never surrender or retreat. Then,* I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism, & everything else dear to the American character, to come to our aid, with all despatch—The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily & will

no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible & die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country—VICTORY OR DEATH.

William Barret Travis
Lt. Col. comdt.

P.S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses eighty to ninety bushels and got into the walls twenty or thirty head of beeves.

The Pueblo de San José y Santiago del Alamo was an old fabric that had been used, for many years, as a refuge in times of Indian hostility. Stone walls surrounded the two acres of courts and cattle yards; cement covered the flat roofs of diminutive rooms. Now, marksmen on high scaffolds used the broken walls as parapets. Three cannon, one pointing east, one north, and one south, were mounted at the east end of the chapel. A battery of four-pound guns was set at the main gate. At the Béxar mission a red flag, symbolizing destruction to all rebels, was hanging, bright and small in the winter air.

Shells exploded in the court, causing confusion among the cattle, and annoyance to the Texans; packed earth made the walls generally proof against cannon balls. In the chapel, a crowd was playing pinocle. Dave Crockett was tuning his violin. He blew one side of his nose: if reinforcements came, they came; for the present there was no use to worry. He began to play. Sharpshooters stood on rafters where the chapel was unroofed; if anyone missed a shot, Crockett cursed with placid ease. Now and then somebody brought in a little firewood and water. James Bowie, brother of Resin who had designed the hunting knife, and husband of Ursula Veramendi, a daughter of the vice-governor of Texas, lay very sick upon a cot. Most of the men had colds.

The thermometer was at 39 and sleet came from the

north. The Mexicans wore sandals or were barefoot, folding themselves in blankets. Wind cut into the adobe houses, for, the December preceding, holes had been knocked in the walls by old Ben Milam. Men walked about to keep warm, or sat close to each other around small fires. They had surrounded the Alamo, and were waiting for Santa Anna, engaged at San Patricio.

All the bells in town began to ring, above shouts and gunshots, one afternoon. In the Alamo, the cardplayers listened. Santa Anna had arrived. Travis damned the Texas Council, and told the men to get ready.—But all day small boys pulled the bells; Santa Anna had won the battle of San Patricio, and was marching to Béxar to break the siege. "In war," he told his army, "there are no prisoners."

Early dawn, next day. Men from Gonzales crept into the Alamo, increasing the number of Texans to 182. They brought news of Santa Anna's victory at San Patricio, and of the Council-meeting at Washington: Travis's appeal had been read, President Smith had been impeached for calling the Council a pack of wolves and traitors, Houston had been renamed commander of the army, and was proceeding at once to San Antonio de Béxar. Crockett fiddled for the men to jig—Houston was on the way.

That afternoon Santa Anna arrived. "The honor of the nation being interested in this engagement against the bold and lawless foreigners who are opposing us, His Excellency expects that every man will do his duty, and exert himself to give a day of glory to the country, and of gratification to the Supreme Government, who will know how to reward the distinguished deeds of the brave soldiers of the Army of Operations."

Daybreak. Lieutenant Dickinson's wife and children were permitted to withdraw from the Alamo. The Mexicans formed in four columns of attack, with reserves, a point of attack designated for each column; the cavalry was stationed

at suitable points to cut off fugitives. Santa Anna placed himself, his staff, and the band, at a battery some yards south of the Alamo. The band struck up deguello, no quarter, and at the order of Castrillon, a brilliant Spaniard, the destruction of the Texans began. At the north cannon Travis demolished Mexicans of the charging columns; he was killed quickly. Fighting swelled to the west area where Crockett was commander. Sharpshooters worked behind curtains of hides, upheld by stakes and packed with dirt. Crockett was shot through the head. The columns wavered twice before they reached the walls with fascines, ladders, and axes: Mexicans came pitching, sprawling, packing into the court. Rifle fire from the chapel drove General Cos to the stables, where he reorganized. In the barracks, shooting from his cot, Bowie was stabbed. Men yelled as if they were happy, or screamed. There was no communication between rooms. A man stayed in his place until he was killed. The attack lasted half an hour. Three men jumped from the walls—two were shot, the third escaped, hiding under a culvert of the irrigation ditch where he was discovered a few hours later, by washwomen. Santa Anna asked to see the bodies of Travis, Bowie, and Crockett. Dragoons fetched wood and dry branches, and when carts had hauled dead Mexicans to the cemetery, pyres of Texans were made, a layer of wood, a layer of bodies, a layer of wood. At dusk, with ringing of bells, and shouts, and pistolshots, the fires were lighted.

Arriving next day, Sam Houston turned, burned Gonzales, and started the retreat eastward. That retreat was emptying Texas, and Santa Anna meant to scour the territory well. Fannin was a prisoner at Goliad. Santa Anna planned to destroy Houston's army and then go home, for he knew that if the Americans reached Louisiana, they would not again cross the Sabine. Through the plains and hills people fled, the disabled in carts, all others walking—white men, their families, more negroes than whites, a few sol-

diers, American and Mexican tories, tramps that had not joined the army, Indians that had come for plunder—one night six thousand people camped on the banks of the Trinity while boats crossed all night, hastening the slow flight across Texas: people in terror of Santa Anna, their 'Gothic enemy.'

Houston and the army had moved south. Halting at San Jacinto, they encamped in a liveoak grove on a ridge overlooking a prairie; behind was a deep narrow bayou, lying through thickets of oaks, gigantic magnolias, masses of laurel, bay, and rhododendron: Santa Anna would approach in full view. Sullen after days of retreat, reduced, capable of retaliation, the army settled down to wait.

Santa Anna arrived, but maneuvering, failed to draw Houston into the open. The Mexicans pitched camp, made breastworks, and went to sleep. That night the Texans increased to twelve hundred.

Past noon next day, the Mexicans' horses were unsaddled; picketted, they ate fresh grass. Nothing had kept the spring back this year, the dark ground was turning green; in the sky were white pillars of cloud. Santa Anna was asleep. The men were cooking dinner. On the Texan ridge a fife was playing, "Come into the bower I have shaded for you."

In open formation the Texans appeared running down the slope firing, yelling "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Remember Tampico!", pausing at the breastworks, running again. For an instant the astounded Mexicans stood, then fled, and were shot like scuttling quail. It was a rout; two Texans were killed, and about six hundred Mexicans. Later when the Mexican camp had been appropriated and the prisoners secured, Houston, with a bandaged leg, lay stretched under a tree; to him Santa Anna was brought.

In the summer of that year, 1836, Stephen Fuller Austin designed a house, to be built for his sister at Peach Point.

The east wing is S. F. Austin's room and is to be finished expressly for him. In the passage there must be a stair case

to go up into the garret where there may be two good winter bed rooms, one at each end, with windows in the gable ends —the roofs of the wings need not be as high as the main body—in fact they might be made flat with a door to go out of the garret on them, so as to have a view of the bay. Austin lived in the one house he had owned in Texas, a log cabin, a bachelor's household; which is confusion, dirt, and torment. For food he had milk and butter, cornbread, and corn coffee. I planned to come here and live, it is out of the way and will do for an academy scheme with which I can amuse myself and do good to others.

He praised the good qualities of his acquaintances, and was silent about their defects, provided silence was effective. To Mexican officials he spoke explicitly and with finality, and had been with them very popular. Now he sat at his desk, working, entertaining occasional callers, writing to his sister, drinking, near noon, a glass of wine. He was 43; a small handsome man, with a long nose proportioned to his face, clear, exacting eyes, and a mouth that turned up at the corners, then down slightly, whimsically. He was meticulously neat, and very fond of his hunting outfit.

Henry Smith, who had by nine votes over Austin been elected first president of Texas, was returning to the States. Austin had just come back from America, having roused there enthusiasm and a little financial support for the revolution from Mexico. This was his first visit home in fifteen years.

When Stephen Austin was four, his father, moving from Connecticut and then from Virginia, wrote in Vincennes: "Can any thing be more Absurd than the Conduct of man, here is hundreds Travelling hundreds of Miles, they Know not for what Nor Whither, except its to Kentucky, passing land almost as good and easy obtain.d, the Proprietors of which would gladly give on any terms, but it will not do, its not Kentucky, its not the Promis.d land, its not the goodly inheratence, the Land of Milk and Honey."

Seven years later, Moses Austin wrote to Stephen's preceptor: "I have so many times in my life blamed Fathers for pressing on their sons a profession Nature never intended them for that I shall make of him what Nature best calculated him to be. I have a great desire he should write well, both as to the hand write and composition—practice will bring writing both easy and pleasing. A correct mode of thinking, both Religious and Political is of consequence and ought to be early implanted in the mind of man. I do not wish my son a Bigot in either, but correct Moral principles is of the first consequences. Such I trust you will impress on his mind."

Stephen's first letters were not neat. He signed on the left-hand side of the page. He forgot to say how the new environment impressed him.

At twenty, he was elected to the house of representatives of the territorial legislature of Missouri. There he saw attempts to conciliate Spaniards and French-Canadians.

When Moses Austin lost his money, he could not submit to staying, poverty-stricken, in Missouri. Baron Carondelet, the governor of Louisiana, and no friend to Spaniards, was urging Americans to settle on the Red River; Moses gathered his family, then, saying, "Raise your Spirits, Times are changing, a new chance presents itself."

At twenty-five, Stephen lived in Natchitoches. The brother of a Lexington friend offered to teach him law, board him, and lend him books and money for clothes—"so generous an offer, and from a man who two months ago was a stranger to me, that it has almost made me change my opinion of the human race."

Another chance. Moses Austin, with a mule, a negro named Richmond, a gray horse, and fifty dollars in cash, rode to San Antonio de Béxar to ask for a colonization grant. There were then in Texas about four thousand people, excepting Indians: Spaniards and no others. The alcalde at Béxar told Austin to leave town quickly, and to get out of

Texas as soon as possible. But a friend intervened, the Baron de Bastrop, who secured Austin the grant because of the fact that in Missouri Moses had been a Spanish citizen and a Catholic.

Going back to Louisiana, Moses missed the Béxar-Nacogdoches trail and was lost in the woods. He got home sick and exhausted, and died in June, 1821. In Natchitoches were two hundred letters from immigrants; Stephen Austin took charge.

My original motive was to retrieve the family fortune; this had no incompatibility with the interest and welfare of Mexico and the colonists. In Texas I was delighted, astonished, to find the most favored region I had ever seen. Its fertility and natural resources, so far exceeding any thing I had imagined, determined me to devote my life to the great object of redeeming it from wildness. It was a heavy undertaking for a young, inexperienced, very poor man. My friends in the United States have blamed me for keeping so quiet, and for not adopting the bellows system so much the stile in the north, and making a great blow—but by so doing I should have blown away my own foundations. The Mexicans knew nothing about Texas, they were profoundly ignorant of its real value; the means of redeeming it was by silent, noiseless, peaceful perseverance and industry.

Such an enterprise as the one I undertook in settling an uninhabited country must pass through three regular gradations. The first step was to overcome the roughness of the wilderness, and may be compared to the labor of a farmer on a piece of ground covered with woods, bushes, and brambles, which must be cut down and cleared away, and the roots grubbed out before it can be cultivated. The second step was to pave the way for civilization and lay the foundation for lasting productive advancement in wealth, morality, and happiness. This step might be compared to the ploughing, harrowing, and sowing the ground after it is cleared. The

third and last and most important step is to give proper and healthy direction to public opinion, morality, and education, to give tone, character, and consistency to society, which, to continue the simile, is gathering in the harvest and applying it to the promotion of human happiness. In trying to lead the colony through these gradations my task has been one of continued hard labor. I have been clearing away brambles, laying foundations, sowing the seed. The genial influences of cultivated society will be like the sun making light.

The colony San Felipe de Austin grew, though it had yet but little commerce. Some of the best men displayed a childish pettishness and suffered themselves to be enraged at trifles and at low-bred and unprincipled men, when they ought in fact to have paid no attention to them. The Indians are beginning to fear us, but we cannot for some time yet hope for complete peace with them. On the Nueces, a party of Comanches raided a band of Texans, who explained that they were Americans, and were released in the interest of smuggling, the Comanches keeping only four blankets, a bridle, and a Spanish grammar.

1824. All my plans have been broken in upon. I make no more calculations except to spend my life here; whether rich or poor, here I expect to remain permanently. I hope to pay my debts and then sit quietly down on a farm. None but a miserable and contemptible poor devil could have had as much to do with public matters as I have in Texas without making enemies.

In 1828, the Treaty of Limits, an agreement that the western boundary of Louisiana was the Sabine, not the Neches nor the Rio Grande, was ratified by Mexico and the United States. Don Manuel de Mier y Terán subsequently visited Texas, noting the unchecked granting of land, and the economic advantage over Mexico which slavery gave to Texas, and the need for fortifications. This 'gracious spy' became one of Austin's best friends.

1829. He begins to look quite old and the wrinkles are becoming plainer daily.

The colonists say that I ought to do everything for them free, because the government has already paid me in the lands which came to me as empresario. But they do not reflect that I cannot live on lands; that I cannot eat them, make clothes of them, nor sell them; and that I have spent all that I had in their service. The administration of the land system is a terrible task before me. I cannot expect to please all, nor shall I try. I will try to satisfy myself by doing justice to all. I am infinitely better equipped than they are to know what is best for them. You know it is innate in an American to suspect and abuse a public officer whether he deserves it or not. To the ignorant part of the Americans independence means resistance and obstinacy, right or wrong. The only distinction that must be known here is between the good and the bad and that must be very marked and decisive. Language and acts must then be regulated in a great degree by circumstances and characters.

I have read of fire and famine and desolation and death, sweeping whole nations from existence, all to promote the happiness of mankind. I could not understand it.

Man seeks happiness in the improvement of his condition. He is a passive actor rather than the director of conventions. For rights he must work on the defensive, never on the offensive.

I am so weary that life is hardly worth having. I am tired of this government. They are in revolution and I believe always will be. I have had more respect for them than they deserve. But I am done with all that. I wanted to see the colony grow up in tranquillity like an oak sapling in the midst of a thick forest, which protects it while slender and weak from the storm, until it rears its head above the rest with a sturdy trunk and firmly rooted foundation that enables it to defy the storms and rely upon its own matured strength.

1833. If our application for a new constitution is refused I shall be in favor of organizing without it—I see no other way of saving the country from total anarchy and ruin—I am totally done with conciliatory measures, and for the future shall be uncompromising as to Texas.

On June 22, 1835, San Felipe harbored a mass meeting. Somebody held up the post and brought in a patriotic letter from the United States, whereupon William B. Travis and an armed squad visited Captain Antonio Tenorio, customs inspector at Anáhuac. The young captain promptly surrendered and promised to leave Texas with all his men. When the little squall had blown over, the good-humored Texans made a lion of Tenorio and took him to a big barbecue on the Fourth of July, where the captain walked among the people, shaking hands like the hero of the occasion.

Austin was in Mexico City. He had carried the petition for a new constitution, now he was in prison; for a year and a half he had been kept in dungeons built for the Inquisition. The night following his return to Texas, he walked on the beach, his mind oppressed with the gravity of the situation, forecasting the troubles ahead for Texas.

War in full, no half way measures.

Achilles Holt

NIGHTMARE

THE quiet sisters, the solemn brothers, all
Will come and say 'You can go in now. It is all
Right for you to go in now.' (Though she did not call,
(And it is all wrong.) And you will go alone, down the hall
Into the room where she is lying, still and small;
And she and you: each suddenly alone.

(Only this will be a long time from now. Do not
(Think of it now . . . at all.)

Probably it will be dark in the room.
Creviced in the shutters you will see the ore
Of the afternoon sun, waiting uselessly as flowers at a tomb.
You will close the door
To be alone before solitude in the ethered gloom.

(But why do you think of it now? All
(Of this is years away . . . if at all.)

You will raise the sheet,
Curiously seeing the eager feet
Bespelled like the shadowless hands

Carved on the intimate body, precisely grown
Terribly familiar and unknown,
And

(Do not think of it now——)

watch, unbelieving, the breathlessness
Of the sealed mouth, the empty nostrils . . . hear the bleat
Of the noisy traffic of nothing in the far street. . . .
Spy on the incredible strange breast that does not beat;
But hear in your brain the storming whirl of silence.

Enemy lying there
In the friend's body,
Stilling even the illuminate hair,
Its dark waves woven inanimate forever.
Answerless, answerless, answerless, the despair
Of your crying hands knuckling Forever.
Peace: fist at your eyes, fingers that tear
Your heart . . .

Then they will come, the whispering sisters, the stern brothers, all
Into the room, to lead you down the hall,
Out of the room where no one at all will call
You back. No one at all.

Winfield Townley Scott

JOYCE'S *EXILES*

THE note of exile recurs frequently in our age. It is the one constant among the voices which have most engaged contemporary attention in literature, dissimilar as those voices otherwise are as in Proust, Eliot, and Joyce. Yet the note is not new: it has been sounded in the occident from the time of the Orphic mysteries and the Pythagorean order and magnificently by the youthful Plato. Similar circumstances everywhere prompt it. When the conditions of life are difficult, treacherous, and unstable, the soul of man repudiates its natural relation to the body and seeks its true home elsewhere. In some way or other it seeks to detach itself from the foreign and inimical substance in which it finds itself mysteriously entangled and aspires to a better and more spiritual life. Its true life, it declares, is not realized through the gross material body which at best must be patronized, indulged, chastised, and bullied, but through a discipline and purification which will restore it to its native element. But not since the decline of Rome and the rise of Christianity has the note of exile been so general and emphatic, vague and desperate. Exile has ceased to be exceptional, a voice crying in the wilderness, and has become typical. Human isolation is taken for granted.

The attempts to escape from exile and to attain some sufficiency are various and bewildering. The sands of history are heaped with motley ideals; every person ranging through the past can pick up some discarded shell and make his life

therein, or else adopt some form that is not yet wholly abandoned. Throughout there is uncertainty as to the character of each special exile. Is it the exile from some particular period in the past that one seeks to restore; or from some qualities of personality, feeling, and action that are neglected by recent generations; or from some institutions which sheltered these qualities? However diverse the expressions of exile seem to be, there is, I believe, one element common to them all. That element is the refusal to be a man before all else, and the substitution of other ideals in place of the human one. The desire to be an artist, mystic, angel, or God instead of a man often produces works of extraordinary beauty; but these desires are usually based on the denial of the true nature of man; they are distorted; and their ultimate fruit is exile.

A familiar solution to the problem of exile is not that the nature of man has been misrepresented but that God has been forgotten. Reintroduce the idea of God and faith in Him, one hears said, and the maladies of our age will depart. No solution could be more irrelevant. Man is exiled from man and that exile is not caused by disbelief in God. The ground of exile is always, I believe, a false interpretation of the relation between the body and the soul; an ignoring of the function of the body and hence an erroneous analysis of the soul; and as a result of this untrue conception of man an incomplete and often destructive ideal is striven for. This thesis cannot be demonstrated apart from multiple examples, but an analysis of *Exiles* by James Joyce, where the problem is most clearly stated, will illustrate my argument.

What first strikes one upon consideration of *Exiles* is the irrelevance of God. There is simply no need for Him. The characters' exile and sorrow is the human one of incompatible desires and unrealized hopes, a sorrow suffered in a universe with God in all times as well as in a universe without Him. Their longing is not for God and their exile is not from Him. In such a world the only function left to God would be to

render people's longings commensurate and satisfied, and to give them all complete happiness. But Joyce makes no such demands: he dispenses with God as the end and provider of human happiness. The picture which Joyce presents would not be materially affected by the addition of the various gods imagined or conceived by Jews, Greeks, and Christians; the existence of these gods, their attempted grace, even their omnipotence would not alter Joyce's vision of man. For Joyce's people are not only magnificently done, beautifully realized individuals of certain human types, but their dilemma is presented as true of all people, and hence inescapable. Exile as Joyce sees it, is necessarily our lot; it is the result of no accident, nor weakness, nor sin in human nature, the consequence of a fall from a Paradise to which a beneficent providence could restore us. Exile follows from the necessity of human nature itself, the incommensurability of our desires and goods, each man like the angels of St. Thomas being a separate species. Since each man's essence or soul tends to a unique and incommensurable perfection there is no parity of human goods and not even God could redeem us from exile. To save man, to harmonize one man's desires with his neighbor's, would be to destroy man as Joyce sees him: grace can but give us the strength and fortitude to bear our exile. When Richard Rowen appeals for help, it is not the light of self-knowledge that he seeks, or the knowledge of others, for their goods or salvation, being intrinsically different from his, are unknowable: Richard seeks the strength to be immovably and unchangeably himself

> "O, if you knew how I am suffering at this moment! For your case, too. But suffering most of all for my own (*with bitter force*) and how I pray that I may be granted again my dead mother's hardness of heart! For some help, within me or without, I must find and find it I will".

If *Exiles* were presented in its relative truth, as a play that distilled the sorrow of human isolation, the office of the critic

would be limited to understanding and enjoyment. But *Exiles* goes further; the vision claims to be universal and as final and as irrevocable as the Last Judgment. From such a sentence there is no appeal; mercy has no lien on truth; and *Exiles* is held up as the Medusa head of truth. Hence it is the truth itself of *Exiles* that one must question, its absolute truth about human destiny. Why are Beatrice and Bertha, Robert and Richard, exiles? From what are they exiled? The formal statement that they have incommensurable goods can be answered by an equally formal dialectic. Since they are human and have bodies, senses, appetites, and reason, in a common world, their generic human identity would imply fundamentally similar goods. Individual differences would permit them to realize these goods in different ways and in different mediums, weaknesses and the failure of fortune might prevent their realization altogether, but the essence of man, as societies and communities achieved in the past witness, is social. Exile, like pain and all other evils, is interwoven with our human lot, but apart from the goods of which it is a privation, it is meaningless. But such a dialectic is general. Looked at individually and concretely, are each of the characters exiled for the same reason, necessarily, beyond redemption, because of the inmost demands of their nature, or is their exile accidental, arbitrary, and imposed from without? Would these characters naturally and under all conditions revolve in their hard isolation, would they fail of happiness because happiness is no real possibility for man, or are they thus solitary because they have gravitated into the orbit of an intense and powerful personality which then forsook them? If exile is imposed by the lure of a superior personality, what is the nature of that personality, what is his idea of himself and of others, and his demands from life? Does he regard himself as a rational animal, or a fallen angel, or a strange and untrammelled spirit? Is his exile less from mother and wife, friends, Ireland, and the Catholic Church, from their

understanding, compassion, and love, as he would have us believe, than from the goods and limitations of human nature itself, society, and every form of order? Is the exile of Richard Rowen so hopeless and terrifying because he is in revolt against the conditions of life itself?

Certainly the exiles of Beatrice, Robert Hand and Bertha, while desperate and inevitable for them, are arbitrary. They are exiles because of their absorption in Richard, an absorption as involuntary as the moths in the flame. Once attracted by his luminous power, and consumed by his mind, they are indifferently cast forth, to wait until such time as his curiosity and art require them. Beatrice at the beginning of the play comes regularly to the Rowen house, ostensibly to give Archie piano lessons. She had been engaged to Robert, but after Richard's departure from Ireland, Robert seemed to change. After a year Richard wrote her, he sent her chapters of his novel, and for eight years continued to write her. Since his return from Italy, a return never fully explained, he is working on a new book for which he uses Beatrice as material. In the first scene between them he explains the power that holds Beatrice's gaze, nine years before.

RICHARD: (with some vehemence) Then that I expressed in those chapters and letters, and in my character and life as well, something in your soul which you could not—pride or scorn?
BEATRICE: Could not?
RICHARD: (leans toward her) Could not because you dared not. Is that why?
BEATRICE: (bends her head) Yes.
RICHARD: On account of others or for want of courage—which?
BEATRICE: (softly) Courage.
RICHARD: (slowly) And so you have followed me with pride and scorn also in your heart?
BEATRICE: And loneliness.

In this first scene Richard accuses Beatrice of being unable to give herself freely and wholly. But what does Richard want from her, and what in return is he willing to give?

Richard wanted her to follow him as did Bertha, and he resented her love for Robert and sulked for a year in silence. If Beatrice had followed him she would have enjoyed the beatitude similar to that extended by God to His saints, the beatitude of watching Richard be himself. Beatrice has not the courage to embrace such a fearsome privilege. For this reason together with her protestant reluctance to give, a quality she shares with Lady Chaterley's sister, Beatrice is in exile. The tragedy flows from a fault in her character, a defect true for her and many others, but nevertheless a defect, and not a quality necessarily inherent in human nature. Even this unyielding, cold, barren soul which could not part with its virginity to God, might in time have responded to the pagan warmth of Robert. Only when the brighter star of Richard, by its sheer intensity, pulled her away without map and compass, was she irrevocably damned to exile.

Beatrice's exile one feels is for life and without remedy, for no one will replace Richard in her mind's heart. Less hopeless, more like the purgatory of defeated desire than an everlasting sentence is Robert's exile. At the close of the play he leaves for a fortnight's visit to his cousin. The visit is a retreat, a chance to rest and heal his wounds, and when he returns to Dublin that particular exile will be over. He will necessarily suffer other disappointments, as fugitive as his ecstacies, but only death can exile him completely. For Robert is a pagan and a lover of life, a romantic pagan who narrows living to the lyrical immediacy of the moment. It is no accident of Robert's nature that while he awaits Bertha he is playing the first bars of Wolfram's song in the last act of *Tannhäuser*, nor is it an accident that after kissing Bertha he sighs

ROBERT: (sighs) My life is finished—over.
BERTHA: O don't speak like that now, Robert.
ROBERT: Over, over. I want to end it and have done with it.
BERTHA: (Concerned but lightly) You silly fellow!

ROBERT: (Presses her to him) To end it all—death. To fall from a great high cliff, down, right down into the sea.
BERTHA: Please, Robert. . . .
ROBERT: Listening to music and in the arms of the woman I love —the sea, music and death.

He cannot feel otherwise. As he says to Richard in the language Richard used in his youth "There was an eternity before we were born and another will come after we are dead. The blinding instant alone . . . passion, free, unashamed, irresistible, that is the only gate through which we can escape from the misery of what slaves call life."

But there is another side to Robert besides the pagan and the romantic, and that is the sentimental. He hopes and believes that passion will give not only life but eternal life. He refuses to accept mutability, and to learn from experience. Hence there is something ludicrous and pathetic in his passion. Like the roses he gives to Bertha it is overblown.

RICHARD: And that other law of nature, as you call it: change. How will it be when you turn against her and against me; when her beauty, or what seems so to you now, wearies you and my affection for you seems false and odious?
ROBERT: That will never be. Never.

One can easily see the attraction Richard exercises on Robert. It is the hold of master on disciple. In the past Richard professed and practiced the ideals Robert now partially follows. Richard sought a new life, free from human laws and bonds, free from deceit and falsehood. Rather than compromise, Richard went into exile. His ideals, his genius, and his mode of life all proved him different from other men. Robert is even drawn to Bertha partly because she is Richard's work.

ROBERT: (With animation) You have that fierce indignation which lacerated the heart of Swift. You have fallen from a higher world, Richard, and you are filled with fierce indignation, when you find that life is cowardly and ignoble. While I . . . shall I tell you?

RICHARD: By all means.

ROBERT: (Archly) I have come up from a lower world and I am filled with astonishment when I find that people have any redeeming virtue at all.

The disciple never loses faith in his master's intellect. At the end of the play Robert can say to Bertha "Richard is always right." But Robert not only sees Richard, he finally sees through him. When Robert appeals to Richard for help he is refused. Richard will not free him to fight the spectre of friendship. Robert must free himself. Nor will Richard commit himself about Bertha's good. To Robert's request that he keep Bertha and forgive him, Richard replies "I will not live on your generosity. You have asked her to meet you here tonight and alone. Solve the question between you." Robert knows that Richard has left him in his hour of need. Hence in the future he will not place his hopes in Richard as Beatrice does, repeatedly to be disappointed. He is not predestined to exile by a life accessible to him alone, nor does he seek some supernatural good in which he no longer believes. His exile is the one his God, nature, imposes on the body when it contains a wayward, sentimental, and unripened heart.

More desperate and heartbreaking is Bertha's exile. It is simpler than Robert's because more natural and easier to remedy, more hopeless than Beatrice's because of its entire dependence on Richard. There is no need to analyze Bertha in order to understand her suffering. She gave up everything for Richard, "religion, family, and my own peace," yet finds herself in exile from him. "You are a stranger to me. You do not understand anything in me—not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger!" And with her last agonized cry the play closes. "Forget me Dick. Forget me and love me again as you did the first time. I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him. You, Dick, O, my strange wild lover, come back to me again."

There is nothing to show that Bertha has changed from

the day she accompanied Richard in exile. She followed him then voluntarily and by her own proposal. Why did you choose him—asks Robert.—Is that not love? she replies. She never pretended to understand or to enter into Richard's ideas: she had no interest in the complete liberty he allowed her; she did not understand nor want it; nor did it make her happy. The books he wrote were beyond her. Her jealousy of Beatrice, her belief that Richard allowed her liberty in order that he might love Beatrice could have arisen as easily before they left Ireland as after their return. She gave Richard her love and asked to be loved as he once had loved her, in return. As she drifted with Robert she appealed to Richard for help which he denied her.

BERTHA: (almost passionately) Why do you not defend me then against him? Why do you go away from me now without a word? Dick, my God, tell me what you wish me to do?

RICHARD: I cannot, dear. (Struggling with himself) Your own heart will tell you. (He seizes both her hands) I have a wild delight in my soul, Bertha, as I look at you. I see you as you are yourself. That I came first in your life or before him then —that may be nothing to you. You may be his more than mine.

BERTHA: I am not. Only I feel for him, too.

RICHARD: And I do too. You may be his and mine. I will trust you, Bertha, and him too. I must. I cannot hate him since his arms have been around you. You have drawn us near together. There is something wiser than wisdom in your heart. Who am I that I should call myself master of your heart or of any woman's? Bertha, love him, be his, give yourself to him if you desire—or if you can.

Bertha's exile is Penelope's. While she sorrowfully awaits her Ulysses she feels that the time of love "comes only once in a lifetime. The rest of life is good for nothing except to remember that time."

In an artist so conscious as Joyce each character has his full significance. Neither old Brigid nor Archie at eight are exiles. Their roles are secondary and aesthetic, to inform us of the natures and motives of the other characters. Brigid figures

seriously only in the opening scene of the third act. She there appears as the mother substitute: even when Richard's mother lived he confided to Brigid his love for Bertha, talked of her letters and discussed his plans. Brigid's weight in the play rests on her material assurance to Bertha that "there's good times coming still." Archie plays a more important part. To Brigid he is Master Richard's son; to Beatrice he is an excuse for coming to see Richard; to Bertha he is son and symbol of Richard's love; and to Robert he is lusty, buoyant, hopeful youth. Archie scrambles through windows, crawls out of piano lessons, and arranges to drive early mornings with the milkman.

ARCHIE: Open the window, please, will you?
ROBERT: Perhaps, there, Richard, is the freedom we seek—you in one way, I in another. In him and not in us. Perhaps . . .
RICHARD: Perhaps. . . ?
ROBERT: I said *perhaps*. I would say almost surely if .
RICHARD: If what?
ROBERT: (*with a faint smile*) If he were mine.

Richard's feeling for Archie is ambiguous. He takes pride in him as a son, but is this son child or angel. Richard is uncertain and one sees him hesitant, fearful to correct a higher, wiser spirit, watching with curiosity and in indulgence. To Bertha is left the responsibility of Archie's discipline.

BERTHA: Whenever I tried to correct him for the least thing you went on with your folly, speaking to him as if he were a grownup man. Ruining the poor child, or trying to. Then, of course, I was the cruel mother and only you loved him. (With growing excitement) But you did not turn him against me—against his own mother. Because why? Because the child has too much nature in him.
RICHARD: I never tried to do such a thing, Bertha. You know I cannot be severe with a child.
BERTHA: Because you never loved your own mother. A mother is always a mother, no matter what. I never heard of any human being that did not love the mother that brought him into the world, except you.

RICHARD: (Approaching her quietly) Bertha, do not say things you will be sorry for. Are you not glad my son is fond of me?
BERTHA: Who taught him to be? Who taught him to run to meet you? Who told him you would bring him home toys when you were out on your rambles in the rain, forgetting all about him —and me? I did. I taught him to love you.

Who then is this being Richard about whom the destinies of Bertha and Beatrice and Robert revolve? Without him their lives and personalities would have been different, they affect each other only as they are acted on by Richard. Like so many iron filings they are forced into a pattern of exile by the magnet of a single energizing personality. No formula can simplify Richard to a few elements: he has portrayed himself, like Rousseau, in all his strength and weaknesses. So complex is this man, so lucid and subtle and consistent is his mind, that we can hardly distinguish at first pride from humility. Judgment waivers between the exile of the Mount of Olives drinking in solitude and pain his cup of suffering, and the rebel exile cast from the hosts of heaven. "There is a faith still stranger than the faith of the disciple in his master", Richard says to Robert, . . . "And that is?—" —"The faith of a master in the disciple who will betray him".

The betrayal is attempted, the master is deserted.

RICHARD: Before dawn I went out and walked the strand from end to end.
ROBERT: (Shaking his head) Suffering. Torturing yourself.
RICHARD: Hearing voices about me. The voices of those who say they love me.
ROBERT: And what did they tell you?
RICHARD: They told me to despair.

Yet foreseeing his fate, what counsels and examples of perfection does Richard not give so that one almost hears again: "he who seeks his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake shall find it."

RICHARD: Do you understand what it is to give a thing?
ARCHIE: To give? Yes.

RICHARD: While you have a thing it can be taken from you.
ARCHIE: By robbers? No?
RICHARD: But when you give it, you have given it. No robber can take it from you. It is yours then for ever when you have given it. It will be yours always. That is to give.

I say, one *almost* hears again for we have yet to see for whose sake Richard loses his life. Certainly, at first sight, it seems that Richard loses his life for the sake of those he loves. To love Bertha, to Richard, means "to wish her well". His only fear is that he will deprive her of one instant of the good that should be hers.

RICHARD: But that I will reproach myself then for having taken all for myself because I would not suffer her to give to another what was hers and not mine to give, because I accepted from her her loyalty and made her life poorer in love. That is my fear. That I stand between her and any moments of life that should be hers, between her and you, between her and anyone, between her and anything. I will not do it. I cannot and I will not. I dare not.

Hence Richard's indecision and inability to give help to Robert and Bertha. He does not know what is their good, and in default of knowledge cannot act.

RICHARD: Have you the luminous certitude that yours is the brain in contact with which she must think and understand and that yours is the body in contact with which her body must feel? Have you this certitude in yourself?
ROBERT: Have you?
RICHARD: (Moved) Once I had it, Robert: a certitude as luminous as that of my own existence—or an illusion as luminous.
ROBERT: (Cautiously) And now?
RICHARD: If you had it and I could feel that you had it—even now . . .
ROBERT: What would you do?
RICHARD: (Quietly) Go away. You, and not I, would be necessary to her. Alone as I was before I met her.

But is it really the humility of ignorance and the desire for Bertha's happiness that determines Richard? Is his the

abasement that resigns itself to another's will and his the love that relieves and enlightens? Does he want those who are weary and heavy laden to come unto him? Or are his humility and love, sincere as they are but the semblance of humility and love, counterfeit virtues necessary to Richard in the consistency of his life? A passage in the *Portrait of an Artist As a Young Man* shows clearly the nature of his love.

"—Brother Hickey.
Brother Quaid
Brother MacArdle
Brother Keogh.—

Their piety would be like their names, like their faces, like their clothes; and it was idle for him to tell himself that their humble and contrite hearts, it might be, paid a far richer tribute of devotion than his had ever been, a gift tenfold more acceptable than his elaborate adoration. It was idle for him to move himself to be generous towards them, to tell himself that if he ever came to their gates, stripped of his pride, beaten and in beggar's weeds, that they would be generous towards him, loving him as themselves. Idle and embittering, finally, to argue, against his own dispassionate certitude, that the commandment of love bade us not to love our neighbors as ourselves with the same amount and intensity of love but to love him as ourselves with the same kind of love."

Richard is no charlatan, he is without deceit and hypocrisy, and is moral in the sense that what he wants for himself he wants for others. He has conceived a new life. Since his youth, when he and Robert lived together, he has followed it, sought to give it to Bertha, and pursues it still. In his conception of that life he is unchanged; any changes of action, any rifts of friendship, and exiles are the consequences of that conception. Robert repeats Richard's declarations about the blinding instant of passion and asks if he has changed from the language of his youth. But the present opposition of their attitudes existed then—either has changed. Their house in the past was to Robert a house of revelry; to Richard it

was to be the "hearth of a new life". To Robert a kiss is an act of homage as natural as any act possessing beauty; to Richard it is "an act of union between man and woman", and without contact of minds carnal intercourse is what Duns Scotus calls "the death of the spirit." Richard's desire was to hold "by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul in utter nakedness." But it was Richard who wandered from Bertha, only in his absence did Penelope entertain her suitor. Why did he wander so that she found herself living with him as with an utter stranger? Why did he not desire to be held by the bonds of love and the spectre of fidelity? Why after nine years should he profess ignorance of Bertha's good, leaving her freer than Eve and with no commandments, when what she wanted was Richard, her lover? The answer lies in Richard's conception of himself and in the nature of the new life he proposed to follow. That life is the source of Richard's exile. Seeking it he led his world into exile. When Satan fell, a third of the Heavenly Hosts fell with him.

When Bertha accuses Richard of granting her complete liberty because he wants complete liberty for himself, she is right in her charge. But she is wrong in believing that he wants his freedom in order to love Beatrice. Richard wants to be free from all bonds in order to be himself. He must be himself and that self in all its courage and shame must be understood by others. When for the first time he betrayed Bertha carnally, he came home, awakened her from her sleep, told her, cried beside her bed and pierced her heart. "O, Richard, why did you do that?" asks Robert. "She must know me as I am" he replies. Bertha reproaches Richard for having left her with Robert:

BERTHA: Why, then, did you leave me last night?
RICHARD: (Bitterly) In your hour of need.
BERTHA: (Threateningly) You urged me to it. Not because you love me. If you loved me or if you knew what love was you would not have left me. For your own sake you urged me to it.

Richard does not answer because he loved her, because he wished her well, and because he feared to deprive her of a moment of life. These sentiments are but deductions and corollaries from the fundamental axiom of his nature, the definition of Himself God gave to Moses, "I am what I am". What that "I" is Richard reveals to Robert in absolute confession. "For you, too, must know me as I am—now."

RICHARD: Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her—in the dark, in the night—secretly, meanly, craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that passionately and ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and in lust, to be. . . .

ROBERT: Enough. Enough. But no. Go on.

RICHARD: To be for ever a shameful creature and to build up my soul again out of the ruins of its shame.

How similar the words are to those of Stephen Dedalus when, after having renounced his ambitions in the Jesuit order, he wanders up the rivulet in the strand and sees a girl of mortal beauty.

"Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on!"

Richard demands freedom, complete and absolute freedom from every possible and conceivable form life can assume if it is to emerge from chaos and from death. But this liberty is not purely negative. Opposed to it is the good, the new life that Richard embraces. It is no accident that he leaves Bertha and seeks to be betrayed. That destruction and exile are imposed ineluctably by the same new life that imposed Stephen Dedalus' decline from the priesthood and his lapse from the Catholic Church. Stephen did not refuse the Jesuit order be-

cause he thought it unaesthetic, though its ugliness revolted him; and he did not forsake the Church because he thought the dogmas of Christianity literally absurd. As Stephen pictured himself a Jesuit in the routine of his daily life he wondered

> "what, then had become, of that deep rooted shyness of his which had made him loath to eat and drink under a strange roof? What had come of the pride of his spirit which had always made him conceive himself as a being apart in every order?
>
> The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J."

No,

> "His destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders. The wisdom of the priest's appeal did not touch him to the quick. He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world.
>
> "The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard: and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen, but about to fall."

The new life that Richard-Stephen sought was that of the artist-creator. The name he bore was "a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth, a new soaring impalpable, imperishable being." It was in order to create that Richard demanded the freedom which would liberate him from every bond of life. Outside of his sacerdotal office of artist he wished for no real earthly existence. As a pure spirit, as an angel, as a Jesuit who aspired to sanctity he would have little intercourse with the world which was to nourish his imagination. Contemptuous of life and impatient of restrictions he must submit time and time again to the immediacy of experience in order to forage mate-

rials for his art. The higher world that according to Robert he had fallen from is the world of the creator-artist; but it is not absolute: to create, the artist must refuse the Jesuit Order or any other, even of love, so that he may fall and be betrayed and build a soul again out of the ruins of its shame. When you have given a thing, Richard tells Archie, it is yours forever; it is his because the artist possesses the image and essence as the image of the girl in the inlet passed into Stephen's soul forever. But as the artist-creator must fall in order to meet with experience so he must first possess and attract in order to give. But how, without deliberate hurt to others is he to fall, be betrayed, and give? Superior being as he is he refuses to possess in body just as he refuses to be possessed, and gives complete freedom just as he demands it. His love for the creatures of the earth is sincere, he wishes them well, and would carry them aloft with him in his flight. But they must follow freely, he will exercise no compulsion and will make no proposals. He is what he is and will seem no other. He will attract in the only way open to him, by the sheer luminous power of his being, a sort of unmoved mover, which as Aristotle says, moves in the way a loved object moves a lover. But having shown himself, having looked, attracted, possessed, and renounced, he moves on, moves on to create. His exile is to be forced to fall and to be in life, but those in life who follow him are exiled first from life and then from him.

Robert's exile is partial since the ecstasy of the new life, that of the artist-creator, is interpreted by him as the ecstasy of the body: he has at least the joys of the sensualist. Beatrice's exile is greater; she is suspended between body and spirit, fearful to give herself to either. But Bertha does more than follow Richard with her eyes. "I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do" says Stephen Dedalus to Crowley "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my Church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely

as I can, using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silent, exiled, and cunning." Bertha becomes Richard's "bride in exile", she gives up country, religion, and peace for him, her lover. Then he leaves her, alone in Italy, with Archie and her memories, leaves her to return from his exile to his true home of creator-artist. It was for the book he wrote that Richard left Bertha, just as it was for his book that he corresponded with Beatrice, and continued to see her, and it was for his future book that he longed to be betrayed. Richard's asceticism is the most severe ever imposed by man. All life including the personality of the artist must be crucified to gain the kingdom of art.

"The dramatic form is reached," says Stephen to Lynch, "when the vitality which has flowed and eddied round each person fills every person with such vital force that he or she assumes a proper and intangible esthetic life. The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak. The esthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination. The mystery of esthetic like that of material creation is accomplished. The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.—"

When the man is identified with the artist he is refined out of existence and perishes with him. Unless he has a separate individual personal existence he will necessarily divert and destroy every human relationship he enters into. For while pleasure and friendship and love are sufficient ends in themselves, they are to the artist only means, the indispensable sacrifices at the altar of art. Hence all life that comes into contact with him is exiled from nature and humanity. It is sucked up by the insatiable greed of the artist-creator, squeezed dry, and discarded. Acute as the suffering is which the artist-creator inflicts on others, greater still is his own agony. His life like that of the mystic demands unceasing dis-

cipline, obedience, and self-immolation for the object of his love. "I tried to unite my will with the will of God instant by instant", said Stephen to Crowley "in that I did not always fail. I could perhaps do that still. . . ." Instead he united his will to the will of the artist-creator and wished for his fellow man the same kind of good. The suffering of the mystic in the night of his soul appears to be greater than any form of human suffering, as his ecstasies transcend other forms of ecstasies. There is no reason to doubt the similarity of Stephen-Richard's suffering and joy. But there is an element in Stephen-Richard not found in the mystic and which is the cause of his exile. That element is not the belief that art is an end in itself. The contemplation that is the artist's is an end in itself, just as is the contemplation of the mystic, of the scientist, and of the philosopher. The greatest tragedy connected with the dying of Christianity and Judaism is the disappearance from the world of the knowledge that the contemplative life is superior to the practical life, and that in the activity of contemplation our restless motion finds its repose and finality. It is the glory of the artist in modern times to have kept alive some form of contemplation to refuse to be deceived by Mammon, by the snares of any group, social, political, or religious, who move and act and would change the world without knowing for what good. Stephen-Richard's conception of the artist is no more the cause of his exile than the belief in art as an end in itself. The account of the relations between the maker and the material which he shapes is not a theory to be disputed but a description to be understood. The element that distinguishes Stephen-Richard from the mystic is that Stephen-Richard plays the role of a man without accepting the responsibilities of being a man. The mystic aims at a supernatural life and accepts its discipline, but he knows that a specifically human life has its discipline and bonds and obligations. Stephen-Richard in his concentration on himself as artist has neglected himself as man. His exile is caused by

his refusal to submit to his nature as a man, to the patient perfecting of the body which forms the soul. Creation accomplished the artist returns to his body as to an alien substance.

"I am very proud of myself, if you want to know" Bertha declares to Beatrice "What have they ever done for him? I made him a man."

Rather she made it possible for him to be a man and to end his exile. Restored to the body Richard can enter into human life. But to enter into life he must admit his common nature, the most difficult of all things for him who would be a being apart in every order. Bertha can make him a man and she can teach their son to love him. But one thing more is needed. Richard must want to be a man. As artist, so great is his genius, he can for a time attain angelic perfection, and so long as he can sustain himself as pure spirit he is at peace. But if in the body and with people in life he continues to deny his nature and to act as an immaterial being he is painfully in exile. And all who yield to his attraction are forced with him into an exile which no god could relieve. Out of that exile there is only one way, more difficult than art and sanctity which it includes, the destiny of being a man.

Bernard Bandler II

PERSPECTIVES ARE PRECIPICES

Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
Do you see anybody coming?

I see a distance of black yews
Long as the history of the Jews

I see a road sunned with white sand
Wide plains surrounding silence. And

Far off, a broken colonnade
That overthrows the sun with shade.

Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
Do you see nobody coming?

A man

Upon that road a man that goes
Dragging a shadow by its toes.

Diminishing he goes, head bare
Of any covering even hair.

A pitcher depending from one hand
Goes mouth down. And dry is sand.

Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
What do you see?

His dwindling stride. And he seems blind
Or worse to the prone man behind.

Sister Anne! Sister Anne!

I see a road. Beyond nowhere
Defined by cirrus and blue air.

I saw a man but he is gone
His shadow gone into the sun.

John Peale Bishop

DANCE CHRONICLE

UDAY SHAN-KAR AND THE HINDU DANCE

HINDU music* speaks to the whole man, under the three aspects of a universal symbolism, of the Belly, the Thorax, and the Head. (Just as the Cosmos reveals itself to us through the Earth, the Atmosphere, and the Sky.)

For the Belly, which sums up the whole life of organic reflexes, the whole biological mechanism: the tone, the intensities, the movements.

For the Thorax, which senses and is affected by all the modes of suffering, of pleasure, of desire, of aversion: the *Râgas*, a succession of notes, fixed by an incalculable tradition, determining the character of the melody, according to the hour and cosmic circumstances in which the musician plays. Each *râga* is determined by the hour of the day and by the emotional nuance; I purposefully say *nuance*, for *râga* really signifies "coloration." Its rôle, therefore, is not that of making us experience this or that emotion in a dilettante manner differing very little from the "morose delectation" of theologians; its rôle is, first of all, to harmonize a sentiment with the conditions of nature at a certain moment. (As a matter of fact, the rigid customs of our spectacles embarrass the Hindu musicians who consider it nonsense to play a morning *râga* at ten o'clock in the evening; and this rule which astonishes us at first is, if one thinks about it, most just). As a

* The very music of the Orient, recorded on discs, is subjected to occidental sabotage. I have listened to these "Hindu" records: one recognizes a melody and cadence which is rather Hindu than anything else, but which seems mechanized: and to make matters worse, the orchestra was made up of European instruments (which are constructed on a division of scale all together different from that of the Hindu). But to impress the amateur, they had written in magnificent Sanskrit characters *devanagari*, "piano and violin." So be suspicious of phonograph records as well as the average book if you really wish to know oriental thought in any of its forms.

result, it is a very fine means of regulating the human passions.

For the Head, which is intelligence, there is rhythm (*tâla*). And the rhythm, put into evidence by the musician, is the very intelligible essence of things. But, as soon as the head grasps a truth, it must make the two other centers grasp that truth at the same time, and then only is man conscious. And so, rhythm, the primordial element of the Orient, becomes speech which addresses itself to the hidden springs of flesh and senses, and at the same time to the most lucid points of one's spirit.

. . .

The preëminent place in rhythm among the oriental instruments is given to the drums which are always many in number and of a great variety. As a matter of fact, according to the opinion of the Hindus themselves, they are the most ancient of instruments, exacting the greatest amount of knowledge and technique; half a life-time, it appears, is required in order to become a good drummer.

. . .

Timir Baran Bhattacharyya, with his sarode becomes suddenly a resounding sun, radiating boundless waves of silence. Even the intellectuals are crushed by it. Only now and then the silence of certain cathedrals speaks with an equal authority.

I prefer to use the latin: musicus silet. "Silere," an *active* verb. With us today the word has been forgotten along with the thing. The *thing*, I say, the *Cause*: the cause of sound which is silence, as *One*, or rather the *Non-multiple*, is the cause of *multiple*.

And this music always signified, across the diversity of sounds, the indescribable and positive silence.

Silence and solitude before the one thing which is. Which is inaudible but which hears through the sounds which endure. That is why the intellectuals were crushed, and why the shoulders felt heavy when the master sounds subsided a quarter of a second before the century, a quarter of a tone before silence.

. . .

Between Vishnu Dass Shirali and Timir Baran Bhattacharyya, what a drama is unrolled! The former is seated within the circle of his ten drums (*tabla taranga*), all tuned according to the Hindu division of an octave, and the other holding his *sarode* between

his two hands, on his knees, makes it vibrate with life. This particular *râga*, we are told, has as its sentiment "the suffering caused by another person" and the time element is "after midnight." A double fugue movement, but there is more than counterpoint here, for the two rhythms so converging form a living harmony, separate from each other, join again, pause together, proceed, separate, pause in a mute separation and recommence. Drama, for each one, while following the theme of the *râga*, ingeniously complicates the other's play, while their heads and eyes dance. Music living in its state of incipiency.

In the midst of a stairway dizzy with sound, Vishnu Dass *finds the time* between two precipitating notes, to arrange nonchalantly a drum which may have got out of key by a hair's breadth.

But, on the other hand, when I leave the hall after what seems to me several seconds of visual and auditory magic, I learn that two hours have passed.

And to think that the chronometers do not burst in the pockets of the spectators! The chronometers *have no time*.

. . .

Uday Shankar commands, as a just and omnipotent master, those several four hundred and fifty muscles of his body; each one of them does exactly what it is supposed to do, obeying only the Head, and in no way the adjoining muscles.

It is "Indra who instructs the lesser divinities in the Dance." From the calm thunder of his feet on the floor, up to the precise rhythms, from the contradictions and reconciliations of his many ornaments, he recreates by his body alone all the music he needs. One day for an encore he danced without any musicians—but a complete orchestra sounded and reverberated as he moved about. When the final bell of a bracelet quieted completely down, accenting the definitive gesture of a finger which stopped, the sudden silence and the immobility were those of a sky over a stormy place.

. . .

Shankar by visible gestures and Timir Baran by sonorous ones wish to represent the Ghandharvas, celestial singers and dancers, but do they not themselves really become the very poets of the court of Indra itself, these two men who are but two living Expressions of the same speech?

UDAY SHAN-KAR AND HIS PARTNER SIMKIE

(MANAGEMENT OF S. HUROK)

Krishna (Shankar), as yet unaware of the fact that he is the god Vishnu, and Rhada (Simkie) the Shepherdess, dance together. They dance like the children of a better age, but at times their arms stop a moment in mid-air, tracing the sacred signs of the body, and tremble with the presentment of the great things about to happen.

. . .

When Kanak Lata dances near the Ganges (for her arms speak of water in those essential gestures of ritual ablutions) she makes those friezes of the *Apsaras*, which line the length of the temples of India, come to life again.

. . .

For the demons, they have a very special rhythm. I recognized it. It is a rhythm most analogous to that sung and danced by children when they wish to defy or torment someone. (These dancers know it, furthermore, by instinct and oral tradition. Our adults no longer know these rhythms any better than they know children.)

Several instruments are reserved especially for the demons. Their tones, which we might call false in relation to our musical scale, are true, nevertheless, with regard to the object in view. Certain intervals, also certain tones do not appear except with the demons; and, in truth, no one is mistaken, each one recognizes the demon, even if his so-called intelligence refuses to admit it.

. . .

The Dance of Him who Dances the Worlds:

From the very beginning of the drama, centuries are erased. The chorus along with the voice of the instruments, old as the Vedas, celebrate the divine couple Shiva and Sati who suddenly appear in the center of the stage, motionless, without anyone having seen them come, but also without any machinery. In the same manner they disappear, and this is done so simply that not many of our scenic directors would have thought up the process. Then the musicians tell of the approaching Gajasura, whose footsteps precipitate themselves, and all of a sudden he appears, dancing demoniacally on the whole earth, which is only a few square feet of board. After these presentations, the drama, of which I may only speak here cursorily, begins.

The chorus and the actors converge their sonorous rhythms and their rhythmic gestures into a single action. Each tells the same story according to the voice that is properly his.

Shiva (Shankar) and Gajasura (Debendra) engage in battle. Shiva fights with divine weapons: the five elements, the winds and the lightning, the forces of the Earth, of the Atmosphere, of the Sky, and also with the serpents of his arms, whose undulations in the air form themselves into a mortal wind.

Sita (Simkie), who, after her death, comes back as Parvati and represents Shiva's manifested Power, the Reservoir of his Energy, remains near the combatants, inexhaustible, and from her hands her divine husband comes to take the most formidable Forces. Body to body, the gigantic pursuits follow each other, and always on a few square feet of board.

The demon is overpowered. (But what mysterious act of love did I seem to discern in that fight to the death?) The chorus chants the Misericorde. The Great Prince dances his victory, and dances the World, the whole of Animation. Through the *Mudras*, ancient gestures which stand for words and to which I had not the key, except in flashes, I distinguished what he said with his entire body; that seed which he contemplates in the hollow of his hand, with love and regret, which he suddenly encloses in his terrible, voracious heart, the one which he will abandon in order to return to his sleep, a sleep which makes the world live;—is not that same world his extended power?

Then the eternal, lucid sleep without duration while She (Parvati) dances her distress at having to endure and live in a body.

The beauty of these musicians and dancers, of their instruments, of their very attitude of sustained attention, of continual reality, as well as of the accurate and yet most real harmony of their costumes, the truth of all that, the complete absence of scenery; that marching, sonorous splendor, that dance which moves, and that moving music which exactly fills the duration signifying eternal immobility; all that marvel, I still believe, sometime to have dreamed it only, as one dreams of an ancient country of wiser and more beautiful people, of a golden age.

René Daumal

(Translated by Vera Milanova)

FILM CHRONICLE

PABST AND THE SOCIAL FILM

THE war was over, defeat its German portion; the inflation was still within the raw feel of the *Kleinbürger*. That class looked upon itself pathetically; its cinema plainted self-pity in films like *The Last Laugh, New Year's Eve* and *The Street*. "Die Strasse" of brothels has been a favored milieu for German pseudo-tragedy, and among its outstanding photodramas is *Die freudlose Gasse* (*Joyless Street*), Georg Wilhelm Pabst's first film.

Joyless Street (or *Streets of Sorrow*) is a picture of the famine-ridden Viennese clerk class, *die Angestellten*, that fringes on the proletariat, dovetails with it, and ultimately is part of it. Abject in its position, this functionary and small-merchant class could be understood in the terms of Pabst, a middle-class Jew from a middle-class city, Vienna, the head to a nation that has no torso. Pabst set a mood of hopelessness, the descending and enveloping oppression of hunger, of pittance and dread. He was as yet the humanitarian, and not the "psychologist," in the "freudlose Gasse" (the street without Freud). His sensitiveness placed this picture of the stricken above each other such recital by the more typical German directors: he was not moralistic. His Viennese origin substituted delicacy for *delikatessen*; he did not compound the pathos on the recipe of "Mehr! Mehr!" This same delicacy, finesse, becomes, we shall see, a distraction later.

The German artists of this "golden age" made their characters anonymous in the hope they would be universal. The characters eventuated frequently into caricatures, the converse of Peter Shlemiehl—they were shadows without reference. For at least half of his initial film, Pabst preserved the characters from this

deterioration, and maintained a mood of relevance and sympathy. However, he was not working in the isolation of his own attitude, nor was his own attitude resolute and apart. The picture did not support itself on this level all the way, though it held up longer than Grüne's *The Street*. It collapsed into the rampant absolutes of melodrama. The German petty-bourgeois class was contemplating itself pathetically, hardly with stern realism. The stratum above it was holding it away from critical inspection, because that superior stratum needed a buffer between itself and the lower seam. It was a simplistic pathos the artists distilled from the war and the inflation: therefore anonymity, therefore the concoction instead of the experience, therefore the failure to sustain the sorrow and the event of which it was the mood, therefore the romancing among scarecrows with perpetrations of "fate." Merchant, flunkey and *knecht* of the abacus did not dare to be drastic. Despite Germany's awful experience, its films were more fretful than tragic.

Through this period Pabst was gaining his cinema knowledge. He worked within the double-tendency of the German *lichtspiel* toward the real, away from the real. He was around when, through the insistence of the dominant control and the straitjacketed studio-mind, the energies of this sturdy film subsided into "ingratiating virtuosities," billows and columns of light, engineering pomposities, architectural shells, remarkable but vain. Pabst brought into the German stolidity something of the volatility of Vienna. He let his characters unfold their plight without the inquisitional rack. As compensation, he found in the intensity of German performance, though often it leaped from the frame, a discipline that enforced his finesse, reined it, made him keep his eyes open. The German film was all pillars, Pabst was mainly nuances. There was a blending of the two in the first part of his first film; the latter part was neither pillar nor nuance, the structure had collapsed under the preposterous relations, the routine of the literary closet, a mockery of the tenants in the *Joyless Street*. The director had not been perspicacious or wilful enough to extract and reorganize from this confusion the probable data that might have continued the social drama. He was himself caught in this confusion, an acceptation not limited to Germany nor to the period of *Die freudlose Gasse*. Periods of great stress incite the self-protective will to deceive and be deceived, and melodrama—its absolutes—is servant of this will.

Pabst moved farther into intensive drama. In *Secrets of a Soul* the story of a knife-phobia "complex," he relates the case, rather than renders the *mind* of the case. He is still true to the German pillars, does not convert the case into the flux of images of an *atelier* easel-film like Germaine Dulac's "extra-visuel" *La Coquille et le Clergyman*, or Luis Bunuel's "sur-realiste" *Le Chien Andalou*, films lightly, naïvely subjective. True, our director did include neurotic fantasies in the stolid case-study—under the guidance of Drs. Abraham and Sachs—but even these were hardly "pure flow." Pabst had no time for tidbits of self-expression, for pictorial *implicit* films; and fortunately he did not yield to the symbol *ad absurdum* of expressionism, he was too substantial for that. But he could not escape, given the fee-simple case of an obsession, a blunt pedantry in recounting the thesis of the knife and the "soul." If the narrative was warmed to more than a formulation that was because of the zealous acting of Werner Krauss. Because Pabst himself was not, evidently, a Freudian fanatic, the film has no self-excitement; it is orderly, clean and without affectation. The public mind was whirlpooling in the individualized neuroses that flattered and satisfied the middle-class: it was having a great, if aimless, time! Pabst had been ricocheted into this vortex, though his own "suppressed desire" was more social than Freudian. *Psychologism* became his preoccupation. In the film *Abwege* (*Bypaths*), Pabst's best artisan-job of the silent days, the finesse of this quasi-psychology gives to a bland and cliché story a suavity and clear-edged composition that for the moment inveigles one into accepting the particular theorem of sexual "crisis" (*Crise* is the apt French name for the film) as true and important. But when one recognizes that the thesis has been organized entirely through short-angles and the convulsions of Brigitte Helm, skilfully manipulated by the director, the whole business is discovered as a setup and, crystallizing a feeling that has been gathering insistence as one has followed the films of Pabst, the observer suspects that gentleman of being unscrupulous, of putting over something exceptionable. In motion pictures like *The Loves of Jeanne Ney*, adapted from Ehrenburg, and *Lulu* (*Pandora's Box*), from Wedekind's *Erdgeist* and *Pandora*, the polishing of surfaces, the feints, the detachment, the rarefied atmosphere of the ineffable—all the qualities that have effected the cult of Pabst—are as distracting as Herr Pabst's scrutinies are to the Herr Pabst of his abstruse days. Here one has to ask the import of the jigsaw

puzzle before one realizes that Pabst has been playing a game. In the effort to put the puzzle together, the client finds many parts missing. Herr Pabst has not been scrupulous, not careful enough of his own integrity and its obligation to earnest witnesses. And this is not surprising: his very sources, if taken "as is," were not profound relationships but only exhibits, more effete than Pabst's earlier ones and therefore more treacherous: they stop Pabst at the surface of his films, entice him into exploits *chic*, pseudo-intellectual, seeming so subtle yet really saying nothing. There is no impetus for him to lift the lid of *Pandora's Box*. Here is a man meant for character and all that he is submitting is a manner. His intensive considerations temporize in skin-grafting, though he has been called an "anatomist"—an anatomist of surfaces! To the troubled charge "unscrupulous" came the answer "super-conscious," a cult inflation that corroborates the ineffable, the cryptic —what indeed was our director hiding? Perhaps his own weariness, for certainly dabbling with effigies and charting their manoeuvres must be enervating. Never content in the rôle of an eclectic, Pabst could not manufacture completely clever films. His very distractedness is not without a sense of perturbed conscience: he would like to travel "beyond desire."

The sharpening conflict in Germany, the polarization of the forces, would naturally touch a man like Pabst. It would intensify and direct his social suspicions and tend to dissipate from his concern the shallow complacencies of the ladies and gentlemen of euphemy. At the point two things occurred: Pabst saw Carl Theodor Dreyer's *The Passion and Death of Joan of Arc*; the cinema enlarged its prospects with the advent of sound. To Pabst the Dreyer film was the deepest experience. When the Anglo-American imagist H. D. interviewed him—cult indeed! a cynosure of esoteric eyes looks *up* to a movie director—he would not hear one word against Dreyer's film. A year before, H. D. had compared *Joyless Street* with the work of Kuleshov the Russian and had preferred Pabst because, she said, he "takes the human mind . . . as far as it can go," while "the Russian takes the spirit . . . *further* than it can go." Her objection to *Joan* was similar, but Pabst would not subscribe to her fear of the maximum, though he was her maximum.

In these films of Pabst, he had been turned away more and more from his own maximum. In his first film there was social plight, but he had failed to establish its base. His environment

was sorrowing, but it did not understand its terror as the resultant of social causes. There were, in the film, starting-points for the dynamic relationship which would have explained the resultant had Pabst extended these points in character and not as the conventions of performance. These conventions became increasingly operative apart from fundamental concrete motivations, until Pabst was sending his camera velvet-like over the scene, veneering the picture, squaring the corners elegantly and rounding circles with grace—being "subtile." In *Joan* he found, if not the historic social base, at least a maximum of intensity of conscience and intensiveness of treatment. He who had dwelt on glossaries encountered an artist devoted to the human text who was not pedantic, not moralistic. His ethical sense was stirred, and consequently his aesthetic sense was revived from specious day-dreams. The artist of keen nerve-ends could no longer yield to his periphery, to topographies that gave neither the lay of the land nor its consistency. He sought and found social material whose complexity the new compound of sound-sight could make articulate. His nuances have become elements of structure; his films are no longer circuitous—he has realized a direct character that transfigures the qualities of charm and grace into the incisive and superb. He no longer dallies with "the woman who has been abundantly charged with sex-consciousness"; she is only a figure of speech. *Pandora's Box* is inconclusive not because "one should not make films of literature"—that is a sophistry—nor unsatisfying because Wedekind cannot be cinematized. It is inconclusive and unsatisfying because the literary source is a network of negotiations and not the experience of people; and the film, in consequence, figures of speech stalking as men and women. Krasznа-Krausz has listed the "seven essential scenes" of these "variations on Wedekind" and has described the non-climactic scene-by-scene construction of the picture. Though the "ideographic chart" is interesting, it merely strengthens the criticism that the picture is an abstraction and that Pabst has wasted on it his talents for the intensive. That he does not include "pauses, stops or interruptions," which Kraszna-Krausz calls "artificial breaks or breathing spaces," may be due to the film's not containing anything to pause over. "Concentrated atmosphere" allows reflective examination, but the film is "atmosphere" without content. It is "too diligent, too tasteful, too beautiful" because its diligence, taste and beauty are errant, refer to no concrete tangible edifice. The film and its

creatures are lustrous, never luminous. Unwittingly appropriate are the film's alternative endings: the lust-murder of the prostitute Lulu *or* the Salvation Army drum-rally. The latter is truer to the value of the film, though the former is the Q.E.D. of the theorem. The picture is skin drawn over a hollow body, and, though tantalizing contours are etched on the parchment, they are ephemera, illusive momentarily. The cultists beat triumphant tattoos on the drum, they were rallying their own fetichisms.

Pabst broke through this aura. His integrity had been misled, diverted, confused but not undermined. Its positive elements, potentialities, reappeared. They had been visible in his first picture but had been increasingly submerged as his "mastery" had developed. He was more vigilant now, he who had been so close to complete self-betrayal. In *Westfront 1918* (*Comrades of 1918*), he has produced the least showman-like of war-films, a picture intensive in its character-convergence, sharply attenuated in its character-relations, not spreading like valiant steam into an ominous yet compelling universe. True, it is a picture not more than pacifistic, it does not assail or divulge causes, but its pacifism is not flamboyant nor self-delusive, it is on its way to an acute attack upon the war-makers. With more politicalization, Pabst might produce the film of war that would state through the agonies of human beings the sources of war within our society and the means of shattering its domains. His intensive treatment, now that he has sound and speech, permits the back-and-forth reference of the climax, war, to its social scene, competitive society, imperialism. There is almost no Soviet film in which war is the whole picture.

Incidental to his new tendency is Pabst's program-picture, a provincial farce, *Skandal um Eva*. Not important in itself, the film indicates again that Pabst has thrown off the ulterior trappings of skill: the film is executed with proper modesty and good-humor, the charm is qualitative and not weighed and measured. Pabst knows where to reserve his calculations, where to respect the mild *esprit*. The film, despite its incidental character, is present in the movie-goer's reminiscence; and, as a further instance of its director's self-respect, the absence of any eclectic quality, of any sign of touching-up the traits of humor with conceits, is lively proof of maturity.

From the war-film to *Die Dreigroschenoper* (the modern reconstruction of *The Beggars' Opera*), thence to *Kameradschaft*, the

progress of Pabst's conscience has been notable. One has but to compare Pabst's work in the former film with what a Lubitsch, a Clair* or a Mamoulian might have done with an identical material to appreciate this magnificent production in its category of the "musical film." It is a proud work, bold in its vertical structure: the pillars are erect and the nuances firm and structural. There are none of the blandishments of the "musical film," Pabst has not organized the relationships into the insinuations of intrigue, the Lubitsch pattern; nor into the Clair arabesque; nor has he yielded to handsomeness for its own sake to attain a Mamoulian statuesqueness and picturesqueness. He has actually transcended the category of the "musical film"; or better, extended its province.

This victory has been achieved through a diligence that found worthy material. Pabst's directness found a substance for his direction, a substance grand and difficult, but, to the right artist, pliable, conforming. It is quite evident that the operations began at the core of the material and worked outward, for there was a core, the heart that was missing from *Pandora's Box*. Mirthful, sardonic; melancholy, sympathetic—here was whole-hearted largess for a director of great proportions and none less. No conceits, no trailings-off or tangents toothsome but extraneous, not one element of virtuosity—but unified character composed of men and women in various settings, song and episode. The lyrics of Brecht, adult and pungent, are sung, recited and spoken, are molded into the dialogue and the total compound structure. The sound-values of consonants and vowels are realized in condensation and enlargement. "So-ho" becomes a grand and succulent piece in the utterance of the baritone pitchman, whose voice sets and sustains the vocal pitch of the film, a pitch borne by the relative non-inflection of the Kurt Weill music. The gray encompassing tone, with its gradations and harmonies, the bold figures, not merely guilt or innocence stuffed with straw, the selection of prototypes down to the casual physiognomy in the crowd about the pitchman—all going back to the stimulus of the Dreyer film—achieve a motion picture that is perfect construction. If within the joy of this perfection a doubt arises, it is because of dangerous suggestions the cynical or sectarian may draw from the events themselves. The characters of the film are *lumpen,*

* Harry Alan Potamkin's article on René Clair appeared in Volume VI, No. 1 of the HOUND & HORN.

and their chief, Peachem, provokes them, out of personal rancor and revenge, to confront Her Majesty on gala occasion. The demonstrators are ragamuffins and frauds, their demonstration the trick of a mountebank who, on learning he has had no cause for vengeance, calls his army back, but—and here is a redeeming irony!—the beggars become militants, their flood of wrath will not be halted, the leader may shout his compromise, but the rank-and-file demand succor. This is not a revolutionary assertion, simply because it is not asserted by a revolutionary group and is not spoken in revolutionary terms. Still, in its undertones of vibrant social sympathy, and its overtones sardonic in their satire, the picture transforms the raw material of *melodram*—in its original sense—into a very stirring approximation of the revolutionary march—an approximation that is not triumphant, as it could not be, but which is warm and in the direction of the element to whom the victory belongs, as the film itself unquestionably leaves one to feel. The victory is Pabst's, and it is a further step in his progress toward social conclusiveness. Never egregious, his daring is, however, pronounced. Like Dreyer he reaffirms the authenticity of the event by eliminating the obsession of period curlycues, historicism for the sake of propriety. He indulges in extra-territoriality: China is and yet is not China; this is and yet is not Gay's London, it is 19th century and contemporary London —Berlin or Paris, or even New York. Nor does this keep the occurrence on nebulous frontiers, afloat in the air; the film imparts a very concrete, tangible, immediate milieu whose temper becomes all the more trenchant for the structural reasonableness of the décor and the costumes. The German studio has become a creator, in this film, not merely of studio-marvels but of a dominion of baroque laughter that is not satisfied with its own fineries but directs these fineries into tart notes on contemporary society, where the racketeer and his police-chief unite to run the premier bank on the main thoroughfare. The film is lavish but not prodigal: as in the wedding-scene, or in the brothel, Renoir reproduced as a picture-postcard, where the words of the song are pre-raphaelitish with fingers crossed. The film terminates with the wearied beggars, who have sent the demeanor of Queen and police-commissioner into consternation, fading into the shadows where, as the *lied* of the off-screen baritone observes, those in the light will not see them. Is there hopelessness here? No, the tone is too sympathetically bitter to be described as hopeless. And

assuredly this is progress in our Herr Regisseur: and not one tinge of distraction!

Very logically the next picture by this director should have been one explicitly ethical, unambiguous and direct. In *Comradeship* completeness is not attained, but it is progression. The data is not drawn from a literary clinic nor from a robust *melodram*—musical play—it is a matter of actual record, a mine catastrophe at Courrieres on the Franco-German border a decade before the war. The movie, like every other art, is, at its highest point, revelatory. It achieves revelation through record, the core of experience, and restoration. Pabst, on the scenario of Vajda, extends his achievement in *Die Dreigroschenoper* by exploiting the studio to remove the studio (an uncommon thing in Germany) and effects a documentary veracity in setting, demeanor and speech. For this he has had the collaboration of the eminent cameraman, Fritz Arno Wagner, and the expert designer, Erno Metzner, himself a director.

To transcend the record, Pabst, with the initial assistance of the scenarist, delays the event thirteen years, until a year after the armistice. This "telescoping" heightens the social import, makes more poignant the biases of the individuals, gives the film a meaning into the future, gains for the film an acuter conscience. A fire in the French sector entombs the miners. The German miners going offshift give up their free time to risk their lives for the French miners, only yesterday foes. The rescuing-party rushes in motor-trucks through the frontier—it is fired upon! the frontier-guard is dutiful. The German mine-superintendent phones the French and receives the gratitude with a "you're welcome!"—the risks of capital! This commentary is rather the reader's than the author's. Three miners on duty in the German mine—the trio had been affronted in a French café the night before—dig their way into the French sector. The leader of the three had, not many months earlier, hollowed the frontier—"goes 800 meters down!" —on a less friendly errand. They are entombed with a boy and his grandfather, who has entered the mine unseen to save the lad. The film is then a record of calamity, vigil and rescue, terminating, when the injured men are freed from the hospital, in a festive departure of the rescuers, where devotions are exchanged in words, French and German, whose spirit if not whose letter is comprehended by German and French: We are workers, with but one enemy, Gas and War!

The film needs a further articulation—what and who is this one enemy whose properties are gas and war?—but that completion could be made only under auspices more drastic. Perhaps Pabst felt this when he said he was through with "ethical films." However, we need not take this statement as final, for recently he said he was glad to make *Don Quixote* in Paris, because there he could be freer to make a social film, perhaps by the simple removal from too intimate surroundings that restrict him. He had been able to produce his tentative maxima because the Nero company was beyond the field of the Nationalist magnetism of Hugenberg's U.F.A. But in a *Kameradschaft* success is proportionate to propaganda. Certain flaws will be suspected but hardly substantiated. The quest of the old man will be called too "sentimental" and too "melodramatic," but only because the judges have in mind spurious attitudes that have maltreated similar episodes. The search in *Kameradschaft* is valid because it is entwined in the development of the film. One of the vigil scenes may seem too deliberately grouped, but its place in the evolving structure is so doom-impending that this very arrangement is at least a possibility. Alexander Granach's acting as the leader of the triumvirate is traced with a stylization not quite documentary, but he is so potent a player that his presence does not contradict authenticity. A quarrel on these points concerns merely the question: is the beauty-spot a blemish? The real problem of the film is deeper.

The picture is accurate, indeed so accurate as to be a puzzle to those who expect the heroic in the treatment of such a theme. Pabst is never oratorical in his portrayal of the human element in the rescue, never colossal in his depiction of the mechanics of the rescue: he is always close to the ethical fiber of the event, and from this steadfastness emanates the artistry—a significant development in Pabst and the German *kino*, sluggish amid jingo lost-glory and *bockbier* films set to goosestep measures and ¾ *takt*. Undoubtedly, Pabst has been stimulated by Soviet pictures; less by those of the "masterful" period of Pudovkin and the "immensities" of Eisenstein than by Pudovkin's first and most convincing dramatic film *Mother*. There is something of the same imminence, the same throbbing and lyrical truthfulness, the same intensity of personnel. The Pabst film is, quite correctly for its purpose, less histrionic; but it is also less victorious in its assertion, and that is where it lacks in memorableness. *It is too empirical!* does not develop its social tendency.

Sound has allowed Pabst an aid in the double-speech, French and German, very specific values, and a lingering quality—"Georges!" called by the old man—that sensitizes the appeal of pathos. The French girl who has refused a dance to the German the night before beholds the rescuing-party murmurs: "Les Allemands! C'est pas possible!" Here is a speech within the theme, speech that is correlative to the play of the people at the mine-gate. The inflection is contained within a subdued range, allowed to break through at strategic points. Its essence is documentary, its contact revelatory, and along the line of its construction Pabst might have extended his message to its fullness, thereby forestalling the criticism that the film lacks warmth. But for this extension was needed the consummation of Pabst's own ethical tendency. He has, in the film, urged fraternity, intra-class amity: his sympathies are with the operatives. He sees international accord not as some vague "brotherhood of man"—social salvationism—but as proletarian solidarity. However, the proletariat does not achieve such unity in the continence of its own class, it achieves it in *conflict*, not solely with resultant conditions, but primarily with the causes of those conditions. It is, in brief, inter-class enmity that strengthens intra-class amity. The operators in *Kameradschaft* are too casual to the occurrence, not corporate in an event to which they have given rise. Some observers have thought that all Pabst needed to fulfill his idea was another phrase to the concluding declaration. But that is a crude conception of relationship in society and drama. Indeed, not another word need have been added had the relationship been developed throughout the picture: the end might then have been grimly inferential and persuasive through its very truncation, "pulling the punch." As the film stands now, to accept the accord which effected the rescue as permanent in proletarian fraternity would be a delusive irony, especially when we recall that the actual vent at Courrières did not prevent the war of 1914. Pabst wanted this film as an "ethical message," as propaganda—for *future* solidarity. As in his first film, Pabst had possible starting-points for the relationship which would have transfigured the record into its effective revelation. The miners initiate the rescue, the operator is only distantly interested—would not the operator, as well as the more recalcitrant workers, have resisted aid, with his machinery, for a competitive property? The 'phone call of acknowledgement would then have been, without debate, the film's rather than the observer's irony.

The extension (symbol) of the frontier-transgression, above and below, should not have rested too close to the factual; then the episode of the French miner recalling the war-enemy would not have appeared an intrusion. The film would have been built up to such a contrast. And within this heightened structure the intimate details in the café and homes might have been dwelt upon and thereby kindled to more than evidences. Again Pabst should have been more wilful, again he should have been less statistical. He faces, in an inconclusive propaganda, the dangers of social platitude, and hyphenation. Still, *Kameradschaft*, because it re-establishes the cinema on the firm ground of the concrete record of an event of mass-reference, and that outside the land of the proletarian rule, is of mighty significance.

But will there be a step taken beyond this maximum?* Since *Kameradschaft*, Pabst has made a film from Pierre Benoit's *L'Atlantide*, a spectacle cinematized in the mute days by Jacques Feyder. He has directed Chaliapin, George Robey and Sidney Fox—what a combination!—in *Don Quixote*, Cervantes or the opera? And now he is to film Kreuger upon a scenario by Ehrenburg—here is his opportunity for a further advance, if he can subdue the fantasies of the scenarist and resist the competitive suction of American romance, tang and unction, as expressed with flair in *The Match King* of the Warner Brothers. What Pabst does is important beyond the work itself: he holds a preëminent position in Germany, where he has succeeded the late Lupu Pick as president of "Dacho," the federation of German film-workers, and in Europe, where he has been a cult and whose strongest director he is today, if one excepts the Soviet Union. His centrifugal nature, momentums issuing outward rather than energies stultifying through introspection and egotistic devolutions, is essential to an art that has been held back from its own destiny. To find in the bourgeois cinema, within its commercial realm, as socially conscientious an artist as Pabst is indeed a discovery! The poles of this cinema in Germany are epitomized by a Pabst and an Erich Pommer, the great studio-showman who supervised Murnau, Dupont, Lang and others, a man ready to serve any job of whatever *studio* dimensions, but hardly an artist of the conscience of Pabst. Around these magnetic poles will gather the

* Italy invited Pabst to direct a picture; he suggested Spartacus as a theme. The suggestion was spurned, though pre-war Italy, dreaming of "Antica Roma", once filmed the gladiator—he's too hot now.

film-makers of Germany, the poetasters (the ingenious composers of sophisticated kino-doggerel) about Pommer, the poets about Pabst, if Pabst holds to his position of integrity. Somewhere between these two is a Leontine Sagan (supervised by a Carl Froelich): her *Mädchen in Uniform*, meritorious in its actors' work, is sincere but cautious, does not venture upon its own terrain but preserves a respectable distance from its own social implications and aesthetic form (this has been called "dignity"). And there was much less to dare here than in *Kameradschaft*, for a great section of the German people is no longer hospitable to Prussianism: it is of the past. But Miss Sagan was well-behaved, an aristocrat; the film does not fail to leave a sense of faith in the Princess, the benefactress, who had she but known would have changed all that oppression of arbitrary discipline—there is still a nostalgia for the nobility. One thinks of what Pabst might have done with the same drama, where he would be exposing retrogression rather than agitating a progressive act.

Harry Alan Potamkin

MUSIC CHRONICLE

WHEN I speak of the problem of contemporary music, I speak of it as it exists for the listener, who is interested not in how the music is constructed, but in its effect upon him and its significance for him as he hears it. I speak of it, in other words, as it exists for me; and I describe my experience only because I am sure it is representative.

I recall hearing—ten or twelve years ago—a new work by Stravinsky played by the Flonzaley Quartet. It had no value for me; nor did it seem to have any for most of the audience. But it conveyed several pages of meaning to Paul Rosenfeld in *The Dial*; and this gave force to the warning that in listening to music written in a new tonal language we should not trust ears that could understand only the language of Schumann and Brahms. This, we were told, was the lesson of the past: composers whom we now considered great had suffered neglect and hostility in their own lifetime, simply because their music had been strange to the ears of their contemporaries; and if the newer Stravinsky, Schönberg and the rest were unintelligible to us, that might be again because we were not up to them; and we had best not make fools of ourselves in the eyes of future generations which would recognize their true worth: we had best suspend judgment.

And so for several years I went about suspending judgment. I wrote an article in the old *Freeman* pointing out the fallacy of critizing Schönberg by standards derived from the older music, from which he had departed. I attended concerts at which new music was played, prepared to go by its own standards; and though I could discover none which made the music anything but feeble or execrable, I refused to accept the verdict of my ears.

For on the one hand there was Mr. Rosenfeld, who found in each work its significance, its special fragrance and *bouquet*, its importance, its place. And on the other hand there was Lawrence Gilman, who began a Sunday article with a quotation something like this:

"His music has no melody. He violates the rules of harmony. His discords offend the ear. Etc., etc."

and then pointed out that this was a criticism not of Schönberg but of a Greek of 500 B.C., and went on with similar quotations about Monteverdi, Mozart, Wagner and others—all to show that genius had not been appreciated in its own lifetime, and that we had better be careful about judging Schönberg.

But in 1925 Ernest Newman published "A Musical Critic's Holiday," in which he took the trouble to investigate the past for himself, instead of repeating what one writer had repeated after another, and discovered that the facts and the lesson they taught were quite different from what they were generally thought to be. For one thing, he could find no instance in the past of a new music as far removed from the understanding of the period as a book in an unfamiliar language like Chinese would be. "The *newest* thing in all music," he wrote, "was assuredly the Florentine opera of the beginning of the seventeenth century: here, and only here, did the art deliberately turn its back on the past and consciously make a fresh start. Yet no such Chinese-art analogies and apologies were necessary to recommend the new music to its first hearers. . . . The new Florentine art became highly popular at once. No doubt a few of the old-fashioned contrapuntists turned up their noses at it; but . . . they would have been astonished had they been told they were incapable of understanding it." And he concluded that what had never happened before had probably not happened now in the case of Schönberg.

Nor, in the second place, could he find one instance of a great composer who had not been recognized as such by his contemporaries. Investigating the earlier instances that have come down to us, he discovered that most often there had been a single attack upon the composer by a contemporary writer—usually a pedantic theoretician so offended by a violation of his cherished rules that he could not appreciate the esthetic effect and value of what he heard—but that other writers had commented upon the composer favorably, and that the musical public had held him in great esteem. The supposed neglect and hostility of the composer's con-

temporaries had been achieved by considering only the criticism of the pedant and ignoring the favorable comment of other critics and the support of the public.

In Wagner's case a greater number of people were involved. But again the hostility came from a small group: some of the critics, musicians and directors of the German court opera houses, whom Wagner had made his enemies by his offensive or scandalous personal conduct and his political heresy; pedants whom he shocked by his violations of their rules; litterateurs who did not know what they were talking about; and some people who simply did not find his music to their taste, as some do not to this very day On the part of other critics and musicians, and above all on the part of the large musical public in Germany, there was such interest and enthusiasm whenever one of his operas was performed, that although he was a political exile barred from the chief opera houses of Berlin, Dresden and Vienna, and although they detested him personally, nevertheless directors of opera houses were compelled to beg him for permission to produce his works—permission which he often refused because he was not sure they would produce them satisfactorily. His own letters record his triumphs with the public, and complain only of the hostile cliques who prevent his works from being heard by the public which appreciates him.

With Mozart there was the difference that Sarti's criticism of Mozart's writing in the introduction to the C major Quartet was understandable: it was the criticism of an adherent of the just intonation of the strings, as against the tempered scale of the piano—one for whom D sharp and E flat are not the same, as they are on the piano, and as Mozart made them in this passage. Moreover, the passage which he criticized on theoretic grounds first troubled listeners by its esthetic effect, and has troubled them to this day. In this connection Newman pointed out that Mozart was not the sacred person for his contemporaries that he is for us; his errors would be pointed out to him. But we should not conclude that "Mozart's contemporaries were unable to appreciate his genius as a whole because they objected to a bar or two here and there as harsh or ill-written."

There is no need of citing all the instances. Newman demonstrated quite conclusively that the world had never failed to recognize a great composer when it had heard one; and the presumption from this, he argued, was against its failing to recognize one today. If most people don't think much of Schönberg, there is

better ground for believing he isn't much, than for assuming that "something that has never before happened in the history of music has happened now—that thousands of men who, in other cases, know quite well good music from bad are in this case wrong, and one or two men alone are right."

We may, then, accept the testimony of our own ears. We must be open-minded, receptive; but after all these years we don't have to go on suspending judgment. "The average intelligent musical man, although he may not be competent to sustain a discussion on the theoretical aspects of a new musical development, is perfectly competent to decide upon the aesthetic value of this or that work." And where the pioneering, revolutionary composers of today are concerned, the past offers him this further lesson, according to Newman: that the great composers have not been pioneers or revolutionaries; they have not used up their intellectual energy in making a new musical language which they could not use with the ease or freedom necessary for creation; they have accepted the language of the time in which they could think freely, modifying and extending it as they required. The experiments and innovations have come from the second- and third-raters who have produced only experiments and innovations—some of them fruitful, but only in the hands of the conservatives who gradually worked them into accepted practice. And what was true of the revolutionaries of 1600 is probably true of the revolutionaries of today.

Not only are we entitled to our own judgments; but we don't have to worry about Mr. Rosenfeld's judgments. For the past has still another lesson for us. "The histories and biographies," wrote Newman, "ring with denunciation of an Artusi or a Hanslick for his depreciation of a Monteverdi or a Wagner; but we hear nothing of the critics who blundered even more grievously than any of these legendary examples . . . but blundered in the other direction. For one first-rate work that has been underpraised, a hundred second-rate works have been over-praised; particularly is this true of today. . . . Surely there is less discredit in failing to see at a glance all there is in a work like the Ninth Symphony than in failing to see at a glance that a Malipiero, thoughtful musician as he is, is not, and probably never will be, a composer of the front rank."

Newman was not referring to Mr. Rosenfeld; but he might have been. For Mr. Rosenfeld has been engaged all these years in overestimating the second- and third-rate pioneers of our own time,

and this, I think, in order to raise himself in the estimation of others. Ordinarily one does not speak of motives; and I am not questioning the honesty of his intentions when I speak of a pose, in the sense of a determination to appear comprehending and sensitive to everything new, which is evident in the very manner, the mannered manner, of his writing, and in the pretense of discerning in a piece of music what is not there. In the New Republic of January 8th, 1930, he discussed Anton von Webern's symphony for chamber orchestra which had been laughed at by the League of Composers' audience. This audience he denounced as notoriously the least genuine of New York, present at the concerts only to see and be seen; then he wrote: "To be sure, the fragile little piece is unconventional in its form. This is most slender and lightly indicated. The very volumes of the score are made up of the tones of the clarinet, the bass-clarinet, the horns, the harp, the first and second violins, and the viola and cello, emitted for the most part singly and separately in Indian file. There are scarcely any chords. The passages for the *tutti* are instantaneous, and little instrumental polyphony occurs. Indeed, in form the symphony resembles a Cézanne water-color, with its hair-line indications of essential contours. Etc., etc." Here, despite the "to be sure," we have an example of Mr. Rosenfeld's practice of making it perversity or some other villainy that keeps people from hearing the content which he claims to find crystal clear. Now I was present at that concert; I came not to see and be seen, but to hear; and I had to laugh at von Webern's symphony. The League audience may be what Mr. Rosenfeld says it is; but it was right in its judgment of the work, and his description was nothing short of misrepresentation. I don't deny the fragility, the slenderness, the volumes and all the rest. What I deny is that a little squeak followed by a little whistle followed by a little toot followed by a little squeak again was like the hair-line indications of essential contours in a Cézanne water-color—in other words, that it faintly suggested a more substantial content—or in still other words, that it had the slightest esthetic effect or value.

And more recently, in the New Republic of July 13th, 1932, it was Wallingford Riegger's Rhapsody for orchestra which was "evidently . . . magnificent in texture and consistent in idea, grateful to the ear and lucid in form," but which I can testify was nothing of the kind, evidently. And it was the critics who would not hear what was in the work because they were prejudiced against its modern style, its atonalism. This was bad

enough; but what followed was outrageous. "If indeed," said Mr. Rosenfeld, "one is unable to hear the relation of note to note, freshly, and without past experiences, in every composition, whether it be tonal, bitonal or without any tonality whatsoever, what indeed can one be said actually to be hearing?"—as if it were possible to listen entirely without past experience, as if any and every relation of note to note were esthetically significant, and above all as if inability to hear esthetic significance in some relations convicted one of inability to hear it in all, and must set poor, perplexed Mr. Rosenfeld to wondering what indeed one could be said actually to hear.

What is outrageous in this is its treachery: with this appearance of wide-eyed reasonableness in his procedure and assumptions, Mr. Rosenfeld may be said to be knifing the critics in the back. And treachery of this sort constitutes his answer to Newman and myself, which appeared in The New Republic of October 19th, 1932.[1] Having publicly stated my faith in the honesty of his intentions, I now feel that I must publicly withdraw that statement.

To return to Newman—more recently he has emphasized the point that whereas in the past it was the large musical public which appreciated the great composer, and a small group which opposed him, today the large musical public dislikes Schönberg and only a small clique supports him. He quotes Alban Berg as saying that "much of the difficulty in clarifying the music of the modern composer for audiences is the fault of conductors, whose incompetence arouses his impatience. Not only are they entirely unsympathetic to the new idiom, but they are often not equipped with the technical knowledge essential to the intelligent projection of a score written in the twelve-tone system. Most of them . . . cannot recognize a chord in that system at sight, and consequently are unable to decide which instruments are to be emphasized and which subdued in order to bring about a just tonal balance. Schönberg, on being asked whether he had ever heard one of his works

[1] It is necessary to explain that in August I had broadcast a talk from Station WEVD, New York, in which I had expressed the ideas I have given here. I sent a copy to the editors of The New Republic who, after asking my permission, sent it on to Mr. Rosenfeld. He did not return the talk with his answer; and the editors, assuming that his statement of the position which he answered was accurate, published his answer without publishing my talk. Since their assumption was wrong, their action had unfortunate consequences for The New Republic readers' understanding of the question.

satisfactorily set forth, once replied, 'Yes, while I was composing it.' "

At this Newman asks whether it does not give away most of the case for the music Berg is discussing. Notice, he says, that "it is not a mere matter of a bad performance of the kind of which every composer has reason to complain at times, due to insufficient rehearsal or to a failure on the conductor's part to rise to the height of the composer's inspiration. What Berg, and by implication Schönberg, are insisting on is that conductors do not understand the very *language* in which the 'new' music is written, the vocabulary of it, the grammar of it." But these men, Newman points out, are competent and sensitive; they have been able to adapt their thinking to music of all periods, all styles. "For one or two of them to fail to adapt their thinking to the new idiom would cause no surprise; but is it credible that *all* of them should fail so ignominiously? What, precisely, has happened? Has a composer named Schönberg suddenly appeared whose mental and musical processes are so far off the beaten track, and at the same time so supernally rational, that ninety-nine per cent of the best musical intelligences of the day are utterly at a loss to follow them, or is the explanation simply that while these processes are certainly off the beaten track they are not wholly rational?" And while the theory of Schönberg's system of composition is logically flawless, the important question is whether "any piece of music has yet been written on these principles that the musical world in general prizes, or is ever likely to prize, as an artistic masterpiece."

All the content of a symphony, everything we need in order to appreciate this content, is in the music itself. If we restrict ourselves to hearing the music, there will be many things that we won't know; but we will know the content of the symphony. And this is clearly more important, more valuable, than anything that may be said about it. Also, from the music itself we can get nothing wrong, whereas a statement about it is as likely to give us a wrong idea as a correct one.

It is, of course, bad writing about music that produces these melancholy thoughts; and I do believe, for example, that we are the worse for what has been written about jazz. The writers have set out, ostensibly to explain and clarify, but actually to prove and disprove; and in doing this they have obscured the music itself. The great issue has been whether jazz is valuable; and this has reduced itself—wrongly—to the issue whether it is complex

in structure. I say 'wrongly,' because on the one hand jazz is unquestionably very simple in structure—inevitably so, because of the simplicity of its feeling; but on the other hand it is unquestionably valuable—valuable, that is, as popular music. The academicians, therefore, are right in contending that it is simple but wrong in dismissing it, on that ground, as negligible; the jazz adherents are right in contending that it is not negligible, but wrong in basing their contention on structural complexity. They may say they have defended it in this way because it has been attacked; but it would have been better to point out that it was being attacked on incorrect grounds. And I have the impression that it was the academicians who were provoked into attacking it on those grounds by the absurd claims of the jazz adherents. The people who were fascinated by jazz had to be sure they were right in being fascinated. The music had to be good; to be good it had to have what 'good' music had; hence the many attempts to show that jazz had complexities equal to those of the classics, or even that it had introduced new complexities, particularly new complexities of rhythm, such as those of syncopation. But the truth and the important thing about jazz was that although its use of devices like syncopation was limited and elementary, compared with their use in cultivated music; and although the limited use of these devices produced rhythmic complexities in jazz that were insignificant beside the complexities in cultivated music; nevertheless their very limitations made the effects distinctive.

Since jazz was simple the attempts to prove it complex led to misrepresentation. Most of it came from the literary people who knew very little about music. There was, for example, the famous article of Gilbert Seldes, in which he gave simple things complicated names, complicated descriptions, complicated explanations; and made this sound more impressive by using many technical terms incorrectly. But the literary people were not the only ones; the same thing was done by musicians. Aaron Copland published an article—an attempt to justify his enjoyment of jazz and his use of it, at that time, in his own music—in which he juggled with notation to make simple rhythms complex, and at the end claimed that the simultaneous use of two definitely and regularly marked rhythms was without precedent in occidental music, and a contribution of jazz. This from a man who had lectured on "Le Sacre du Printemps."

On the other hand there were the clever people who set out to show, not that jazz was like the classics, but that the classics

were really jazz. One of them was Osgood, editor of a musical weekly, who wrote a book called "So This Is Jazz," in which he played tricks with words. Jazz, for example, was the expression of a lively spirit; hence any expression of a lively spirit—Schubert's waltzes—was jazz. Or, it was all right for Tin Pan Alley to jazz Schubert; because Brahms, when he wrote variations on a theme of Haydn, was "jazzing" Haydn.

And now Robert Haven Schauffler, in his new book on Beethoven ("The Mad Musician"; Doubleday, Doran; $2.50), writes: "In the *scherzo* of the B flat quartet we catch Beethoven in the act of stealing the Twentieth Century's thunder by inventing the first piece of jazz. For this *scherzo* is brimful of the subtle, catchy syncopations, the tricky accentuations, the bizarre wit and the perversely independent part-writing which most people imagine to be the popular invention of the 1920's. One need only substitute for the first violin a saxophone with an effective caterwaul; add a myriad-minded drummer equipped with one half of the items in the catalogue of Messrs. Sears, Roebuck & Co.; daub the classical beauty of the original with a vermilion splotch or two of caveman war paint; cease abruptly at the third measure from the end—and behold, music worthy of the proudest and loftiest traditions of the Great White Way." But syncopations and tricky accentuations do not make Beethoven's *scherzo* jazz; and with vermilion paint I guarantee to convert any old master into a Chesterfield ad. The rest of the book is just as bad in tone and substance; one will do best to throw it away and listen to Beethoven.

The passage I have quoted appeared in the New York *Times* under the headline, "Credits Beethoven with Evolving Jazz"; and a week later the *Times* reported Gershwin as saying, among other things, that jazz, as it was now understood, was old: "There are passages of jazz in Bach and, I understand, in Beethoven." (One of the other things he said was that he had never taken anything from the master composers of the past except a sense of musical taste.) Here we have the Gershwin who is concerned with American music in a serious way, as composer and thinker. In his "Song Book" (Simon & Schuster; $5.00) we have the Gershwin who really has made a valuable contribution to American music. Eighteen of the songs are there, some of them the most delightful he has written. They are there in two versions—one the simpler arrangement that was published in sheet form, "for little girls with little hands"; the other a more complicated piano arrangement for Gershwin's own hands (of which a photograph appears

in the book [by courtesy of Steinway & Sons]). Until I saw and played them I supposed the difference was as important as it seemed to Gershwin. That is, I thought he had done in his performance what good Negro musicians do: their performance is creation of new substance, new ideas. But when I played Gershwin's transcriptions I found that they were like the unimaginative performances of the white jazz orchestras, in which the simple melody and harmony of the song are retained intact, but are dressed up in rich sonorities. In the two versions of a Gershwin song the melody and harmony—in other words, the essentials—are the same; the only difference in the more complicated transcription is that filling in around the essentials are sonorous chords and deft figurations which are not intrinsic, but only non-essential ornament. As such they do not make the transcription better; they make it—to borrow the word which Mr. Marc Blitzstein used in another connection—only more expensive, and vulgar.

There is a distinction between performance as performance, and performance as interpretation, which is quite obvious in the case of acting: an actor, we realize, may have a fine equipment and use it perfectly, so that each movement and each inflection are extraordinary; and yet this may not be enough for complete effectiveness in the part. This distinction is less obvious but no less important in the case of musical performance. Toscanini, for example, is one of the great orchestral technicians of our time, one of the two or three men who produce with an orchestra sounds, colors which are different from the ordinary, which we have never heard, and will never hear, from anyone else. He is also one of the great musicians of our time; and I refer now to the sensitiveness to music that he shows by the way he handles it in performance—the phrasing, the accentuation, and so on. As a result, his performances have tonal beauty and perfection which one must marvel at. But they do not always give the music its complete effect. Beautiful sounds and perfect phrasing are not enough for Strauss' "Don Quixote" or Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition:" we know from the performances of other conductors that these works have dramatic point and humor which Toscanini's performances miss. Nor are they enough even for symphonies.

It is as though our actor used his equipment in the same way for every part. Every sound must be beautiful and every phrase perfect, for Toscanini; but they can be beautiful and perfect in only one way, whether the composer be Mozart, Wagner, Brahms

or Debussy. And so everything he plays has very much the same quality, the same color, the same lightness, radiance and transparency, which is marvelous in itself, but not equally effective with everything he plays. I am aware that the newspaper reviewers think differently. Because the one quality which he gives to every work is so marvelous in itself, they accept it in every case; since they accept it, it must be right; to be right it must have been different in each work; and so they praise him as the one conductor who gives to each work its own color, its own style—which is one thing he does not succeed in doing, though no doubt he intends to do it. For authenticity or the utmost effectiveness we must very often look to someone else; and I should say most often to Koussevitzky. We appreciate the inadequacy of Toscanini's performance of Debussy's "Faun" or his "Clouds" and "Festivals" when we hear Koussevitzky play them; and we know then that we had never really heard these works until then. But Koussevitzky not only plays some music better than anyone else; he plays almost everything superbly: not only Debussy but Beethoven; not only Haydn but Tchaikovsky; not only contemporary Europeans and Americans, but Bach and Händel. It is Koussevitzky who succeeds most often in adjusting his mind to each work, and discovering for it a different and right quality and style. He is not only a great orchestral technician and a great musician, but also a great interpreter.

The distinction I have made is more important in the case of Stokowski, for the analogy now is with the actor who, consciously or unconsciously, uses whatever part he is playing to show off his gifts; who therefore falsifies his part even more; and who also confuses people's judgment even more. The most obvious, the most obtrusive fact about Stokowski's performances is their technical excellence—the extraordinary discipline of the orchestra, the extraordinary quality of its tone, particularly the sumptuousness, the drenching splendor of the tone of the full orchestra. And in his performances, too, one must marvel at details of phrasing and the like. But one gets the impression that having created an instrument that can do extraordinary things, he tends to hear in music the extraordinary things his instrument can do. The strings can swell their tone marvelously; hence in the Bach Prelude in E flat minor, or in the hushed opening of the second movement of Beethoven's Seventh, there is not a phrase, and sometimes not a note, without a swell. The orchestra follows him like one man; hence the Bach Toccata in D minor is performed with an exag-

gerated freedom, a wilfulness almost, that makes this discipline obtrusive. However, I don't insist on this explanation; I am willing to consider only the facts—i.e. the performances—themselves. And I should say that the discrepancy between performance and interpretation is far greater than in Toscanini's case. As an interpreter Stokowski impresses upon everything the personality of a young Siegfried storming the heights of Brünnhilde's rock; which means that he falsifies a greater number of works than Toscanini, and each to a greater extent. I heard him realize the Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" two years ago as no one else could. But the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," as he played it, was also a Bacchanale. Worse still, the Prelude to "Lohengrin" was also a Bacchanale. And worst of all, Brahms' Fourth Symphony was also a Bacchanale.

And because of this greater discrepancy there is greater confusion of judgment. The unsophisticated public comes frankly to bathe in the sumptuous tone, or to be swept away by the young Siegfried. The more sophisticated public is stunned by them and deprived of discrimination.

If the phonograph were social property, and if—for this does not necessarily follow—if it were used intelligently for social ends, there would be a situation in which a person could hear anywhere and at any time what, without records, he can hear only in certain places at certain times. Not only the entire literature, but the different realizations of the works by different artists, would be recorded—that is, not only Beethoven's symphonies and Wagner's operas, but Beethoven's symphonies and Wagner's operas as performed both by Karl Muck and by Arturo Toscanini, so that these performances might be with us when Muck and Toscanini are gone.

But the phonograph is not social property, and the companies cannot afford to use it for social ends. Records must sell; and what sells is a recording by a currently celebrated artist of a favorite composition—a recording by Stokowski of Schubert's Unfinished, Beethoven's Seventh, Schéhérazade. As for other standard symphonies, any performance is a performance; so that a work as important as Mozart's Jupiter Symphony is represented on the Victor list by a performance as atrocious as Albert Coates'. And there are standard works which are not represented on any list. Also, Toscanini and Koussevitzky cannot record for Victor what Stokowski has recorded; nor can Toscanini record his per-

formances at Bayreuth, because the Festspielhaus contract is with Columbia; and so on.

With these deficiencies and gaps in mind I contend that Stokowski's recordings of his transcription of Bach's Choral Prelude, "Aus der Tiefe rufe Ich" (Victor, 7553), and of his symphonic synthesis of "Tristan" (Victor, M-154), should not have been made at all. As I understand it, the companies are no longer competing with different versions of popular favorites; the idea now is to attract buyers with what is unrecorded, unfamiliar. This is a step forward; but the argument against Stokowski's recording these two items is similar to the argument against his playing them in concert. If there were at least one first-class recording of every work written for orchestra that should be recorded, then Stokowksi would be justified in supplementing the orchestral literature with transcriptions and syntheses from other literatures. In the actual circumstances he is not justified. To record something unfamiliar he doesn't have to transcribe Bach or synthesize Wagner; he has only to choose from a hundred-odd symphonies by Haydn, forty-odd symphonies by Mozart, and I don't know how many other standard works by other composers.

But the recordings have been made; and the question now is how good they are. I have no time to compare this Bach transcription with the original; the lush instrumental coloring is characteristic of Stokowski's performances; technically the performance is perfect; and the recording is of Stokowski-Victor quality. In the "Tristan" synthesis, too, the recording is excellent, and the performance is superb, for this is music to which Stokowski is best suited. It is regrettable, therefore, that he did not record the performance of the second act which he gave last year with voices, the more regrettable since recording of the synthesis now makes the other impossible. The music is symphonic, but the color of the human voice is used with as much design and precision as that of any other element in the symphonic ensemble, and is therefore as essential. The loss in Brangäne's warning by the substitution of trumpet for contralto is disastrous, but scarcely more so than the substitution of clarinet for tenor and oboe for soprano in the love-music.

About "Don Quixote," on the other hand (Victor, M-144), there are no reservations. The work is Strauss' greatest, most perfect achievement; it is recorded for the first time, I believe, and in the magnificent performance by Beecham and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Liszt's Sonata in B minor (Victor,

M-93), though it cannot be accepted at Liszt's own valuation, has an important place in piano literature; it is music which Cortot plays very well; and it is well recorded. Victor has performed a useful service by issuing two records (11215-6) which give ninety themes from Wagner's "Ring." The records are accompanied by a leaflet on which the themes are given in musical notation. The orchestra is the London Symphony, the conductor Lawrence Collingwood.

B. H. Haggin

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors,
The Hound and Horn.

Sirs:

I appreciate gratefully the kind efforts of your contributor, one J. V. Cunningham, to relieve me of all responsibility for the editorship of *Poetry*, whose policies he so deeply deplores; but it would be an injustice to the magazine's various associate editors to permit him to fasten its crimes upon them. Therefore it may be of value to him, and to their reputations among your subscribers, to present a few facts and dates with which I may be more conversant than any recent student of *Poetry's* twenty-year history.

It is true that Alice Corbin Henderson's name appears as associate editor in each volume of *Poetry's* first decade, but her valuable actual service of three and a half years ceased in the spring of 1916, when she was obliged to go west for her health. From that time until 1922, in a spirit of perhaps mistaken courtesy, I carried her name as a purely honorary ornament, although she was prevented by illness and distance from paying any attention whatever to the magazine.

It is true also that Ezra Pound, as "foreign correspondent", enlivened our policies during the first five (not seven) years, though with gradually diminishing fervor—alas, how many magazines has Ezra started with and wearied of! Indeed, so important did I consider his coöperation that I wrote and asked him for it in July, 1912, while he was still almost unknown in his own country. At this time I was the only editor of the projected magazine, as I had not yet thought of engaging the invaluable assistance of Alice Henderson. Being eager to share all laurels with poets far and near, I invited contributions not only from William Butler Yeats, George Sterling, and others of distinction,

but also from poets still unappreciated, like Vachel Lindsay, Agnes Lee, Allen Upward, Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale. When Ezra sent us Tagore and the Imagists, and poems came flying in from people like Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens, John Reed, D. H. Lawrence, Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams—and how many others! —I did not require even the perspicacity of an associate editor to be assured that my fundamental efforts, editorial as well as financial, had been all to the good.

So much for *Poetry's* "first phase." As for the second and all later phases, is it impossible to detect an element of prejudice in your contributor's article, a possible preference for the "Gyroscope group" which has recently taken him on? Mr. Cunningham ascribes our "keeping alive" to Glenway Wescott, who used to blow in casually now and then between New Mexico and Europe; to Janet Lewis (now Mrs. Yvor Winters), who never blew in at all; and to Emanuel Carnevali, who, for a brief half-year before he went to Italy, gracefully neglected the duties of associate editor. And in spite of his insistence that "the history of the magazine is a history of sub-editors," he fails to credit any of the keeping-alive to the actual sub-editors—Eunice Tietjens (1916-17), Helen Hoyt (1918-19), Marion Strobel (1920-25), George Dillon (1925-27), and Jessica North (1927-29), until Morton Dauwen Zabel, though "a man of excellent opinions and no discrimination," breathed upon the failing spark once more.

I am particularly touched by the following sentence from page 129 of your contributor's article:

> "She will never know that the publication of Stevens' *Sunday Morning* was an event in the history of poetry, and the publication of *General Booth*, a genuinely amusing poem, was an event in the history of college yells—and as the poet of the college yell, Lindsay wished to be remembered."

Mr. Lindsay, alive or dead, may be safely left to the defense of his fame against Mr. Cunningham's discriminating estimate. And as for my opinion of Mr. Stevens' poetry in those days when virtually nobody else was printing it, I can only refer you to the poet himself, who has acknowledged most generously in *Harmonium* his special indebtedness to *Poetry* and its editor.

In conclusion, I will merely say that *Poetry* has never attempted to be the organ of a group or a coterie; that in fulfilling its aim to be in truth an organ of the art it has printed representatives of many groups and coteries, and uncatalogued outsiders

as well; that its editor has never solicited "mature poems from her great poets" when these could be more profitably printed elsewhere, or expected "all the better poets whose reputations she had made" to send their work nowhere else. Yet in spite of the limitations and exceptions which trouble Mr. Cunningham, it may be that among all the magazines familiar to the enlightened editors of *The Hound and Horn*, or even of *The Gyroscope*, it would be difficult to find one whose list of contributors contains so many distinguished names as *Poetry* has fortunately been able to offer, and in many cases to introduce.

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET MONROE

To the Editors,
The Hound and Horn.

Sirs:

No one who has vainly attempted to fathom the complacency of Y. Winters' flat verse will have been much astonished by his view of Zukofsky's "Objectivists", but it is astonishing that a thick quarterly such as yours, that still has a shred or two of the reputation Pound's contributions gave its early numbers, should print it. Ultimately the circulation of an expensive review must decline when the public becomes aware that it can get the same thing, medicated, at ten cents a roll.

But when you gave currency to the vomit of a creature who not only found his own name omitted from an anthology that proposed to sample everything at this moment *alive* in poetry but who also, it seems, 'fills less space in the leading British and American literary journals' than Zukofsky, you might, I think, have underlined that 'Pound. . . . Eliot, Williams and Miss Moore have been willing to put up with him; i. e. Zukofsky; have cooperated, are cooperating and will continue to cooperate'. Beside their judgment, thus actively expressed, Y. Winters' snarl is, isn't it, as pitiful as that of a kicked cur. None of these enviable names is ever likely to appear alongside *his*.

Or perhaps this Winters perceived that my poem—I am, with the rest, 'a sensory impressionist of the usual sort who knows nothing of writing'—(but Winters will be in a better posi-

tion to judge of that before I have done with him)—perceived, I say, that my poem in the first pages of "Objectivists" was contrived in part for the exhibition of just such as he, who, 'devolvit ili sibi pondera', now envy the whole man. No fool much likes being laughed at. He was afraid, maybe, to go for someone who seemed to have discovered the disgrace he fondly believed secret, so he turned his spite on the anthology's editor.

Yours truly,

Basil Bunting

Rapallo,
21/10/1932

To the Editors,
The Hound and Horn.

Sirs:

Mr. Bunting's letter has naturally sent me back to his poem. I had not suspected the poem's referring to me, since it is written in the first person. It is, as Mr. Bunting implies, a very sad ditty.

Mr. Bunting appears to offer me some kind of challenge. I shall be glad to encounter him at his own weapons—any kind of prose or verse—or, if he will come to California, with or without gloves, Queensbury rules. My weight is 180.

Faithfully yours,

Yvor Winters

BOOK REVIEWS

THE AX GRINDS

THE AMERICAN JITTERS. *By Edmund Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1932. $2.50.
EXPRESSION IN AMERICA. *By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. New York.* 1932. $4.00.

MR. WILSON'S book is an interesting collection of sketches and descriptions of events and situations in America during the depression; most of them have appeared in *The New Republic*. They are largely concerned with incidents of economic and political significance: strikes, the down-trodden working man, and political gestures aimed at his relief predominate. Mr. Wilson succeeds on the whole in being a simple reporter; his treatment of the incidents is impartial and a faint irony is bestowed on all parties except a very few sanctified "revolutionists." An ax is ground by means of the choice and arrangement of subjects: Mr. Wilson carefully plants his occasional exposure of the fatuous activities of the owner class, the Metropolitan Opera House, the opening of the Empire State Building, between especially tear-jerking episodes chosen from the annals of the poor. The book is well written.

The only passage of more than topical interest is the chapter in which Mr. Wilson writes a brief autobiography and sets down the propositions and beliefs which underlie his book and his general critical position. It would be impolite to write of Mr. Wilson as a person; we must assume that his is a common and typical case. His most important proposition is that "capitalism has run its

course, and we shall have to look for other ideals than the ones that capitalism has encouraged." He does not know where such ideals are to come from, unless from the new generation of radicals who regard Russia as a model state. Mr. Wilson confesses his sympathy with these young men; he appeals to his fellow critics and artists "to be careful how they play the game of the capitalists. It is bad for their theory and their art to try to adapt themselves to a system which is the enemy of theory and art." Mr. Wilson believes in human evolution: it is comforting to learn that "we are to develop into something higher still." He also believes in progress. Machinery, minus the class which has used it for private profit, is a good thing and will help out progress. Mr. Wilson takes no stock in the alleged precious values cultivated by aristocratic societies. Everyone will necessarily hold beliefs similar to these, Mr. Wilson thinks, or belong to a church. But religion is obsolescent, he says, in its power over what he rather snobbishly terms "minds that count."

There are two emotional foundations for Mr. Wilson's position. One is a natural disgust at the current "ideals" of capitalist society. Mr. Wilson has in mind, of course, the actual ideals of society, the measurement of worth by things; he does not consider the possibility of realizing the traditional ideals professed by that society. The other emotion that serves his beliefs is a zealous humanitarian pity. These emotions are supported by a naive optimism; the fundamental dogma is that pain and evil are accidents that can be eradicated by economic machinery; the trust in such words as progress, evolution, Russia, is childlike and touching.

It is difficult to take Mr. Wilson's dichotomy, religion or communism, seriously. Mr. Wilson knows nothing about religion; that was marked by his patent inability in *Axel's Castle* to understand Mr. Eliot's later works. And there are many roads that Mr. Wilson has not tried to explore; in the same book he passed by the faith and pride that are dominant in Yeats' *The Tower* without notice of them. His own choice of communism seems hasty and emotional; his warning against playing the game of the capitalists can be turned against him and others who are playing the communist one. The artist or critic who commits himself to communism as a *pis aller* is shirking his individual responsibilities; he waives the possibility of solving his own problems in favor of the artificial stimulation given by a mass movement that will leave him in the end with his own problems still unsolved and

an audience less receptive or auxiliary to their solution. Mr. Wilson has analyzed well the pitiful case of the critic out of sympathy with the milieu in which he is normally engaged. We agree that no self-respecting artist or critic in America can accept the current Mammon-culture; that has been obvious for twenty years. It is then difficult to see how the artist or critic can accept a philosophy which consecrates the production and consumption of things as the main concern of everybody. The artist or critic who becomes a communist has made his own position worse since, as Mr. Wilson admits in this book, the almost unanimous hostility of American opinion, even among the proletariat, towards communism is so strong that the artist or critic has thereby estranged himself even farther from his audience and the source of his material. It is an estrangement which is greatly responsible for the weakness of much of our contemporary intellectual and spiritual life, its skepticism and self-doubt. Mr. Wilson is keenly sensitive to this divorce of the artist from his environment: in *Axel's Castle* he has rightly discerned it in some of the writers of whom he treated and he thrust it upon others, notably Yeats and Rimbaud. He is aware of it in his own case; to blame it upon one's environment is a facile solution; one is venting one's spleen upon an abstraction.

If it were a simple question of parties, obviously fascism has more to offer than communism. (Parenthetically, one may observe that the ease with which America would accept a disguised fascism is amusing to contemplate. Even *The New Republic* would capitulate to the shibboleth, "Plan.") Communism offers to the artist or critic an opportunity for vigorous and violent missionary work. And the dissemination of propaganda, indulgence in heroics, and possible martyrdom may be to some persons a more satisfying way of life than writing or painting; certainly the mere adoption of the communist creed is only a sterile gesture in itself. But the task of converting the heathen is hardly compatible with the more difficult task of being a good critic or a good artist.

The artist or critic, however strong his desire for universality, remains an individual with personal problems. The basis of many of these problems is precisely that estrangement of which we have been speaking; their solution is a *rapprochement*, but with men and women, not with an economic class. One of those problems—it is one of the roads which Mr. Wilson has not explored—is the artist's relation to his native or adopted country and the emotions aroused by it, the problem of patriotism. It is

by now apparent that the hostile, strongly denying attitude towards love for country, fashionable ten years ago, is sterile and defeatist. Even if, adopted as a demonstration of superiority, it had value in curbing blatant expression of patriotism, its failure is manifest in the prevalence of the grim desire for isolation now spread out in America. And the self-appointed exiles of an anterior decade are paying their penalty in a remoteness from the mass of their fellow-beings with whom they must work in order to guarantee the worth of what they have to say. We can agree with Mr. Wilson that to embrace the current ideals and culture of America would be defeat for the artist. We can agree with him that the artist's "true solidarity lies with those elements who will remodel society by the power of imagination and thought." It is easier to believe that these elements will work towards a finer national consciousness and the revival and creation of valid American myths than to foresee their concurrence with an arbitrary economic revolution. For then the artist will remain an individual and yet the common awareness of American tradition will constitute a more natural solidarity.

Patriotism, so regarded, remains one among many modes of emotional and intellectual discipline that can restore the artist or critic to sympathy with his audience and milieu, provide him with material capable of exercising his powers, assist in the solution of his personal problems, and enable him to take part in the direction of American life. The material and sources of that patriotism are not our present concern; their record is largely found in American literature. A revaluation of that literature requiring the employment of both scholarship and criticism is perhaps the greatest service that could now be performed for the young American writer.

It is this fact which makes the total inadequacy of Mr. Lewisohn's latest book so disappointing. It is difficult to ascertain why *Expression in America* was ever published. Mr. Lewisohn expressly excludes it from the ordinary histories of literature; it is not to be a handbook for students, and we are grateful. And yet, since Mr. Lewisohn has permitted himself the right of selection, why does he spend time on authors in whom he has no interest, such as Holmes? Mr. Lewisohn discovers no new writers; he has limited himself to the standard works of the classical writers; his Cooper, for instance, is simply the Cooper of the Leatherstocking Tales. Mr. Lewisohn is curiously conventional in his judgments upon accepted writers; in spite of his invocation of Freud, which

occasionally puts Mr. Lewisohn in the role of a Walter Winchell, the verdicts returned are what we have already learned by heart. If we were to consult the works of thirty years ago, Barrett Wendell's much maligned history of American literature or the early volumes of the *Shelburne Essays*, we would find perhaps a little more tolerance for Longfellow, a little more doubt about Whitman, but the chief conclusions would be the same. The important difference would be in favor of the older works; Wendell and Mr. More have told us more about Longfellow and Whitman. For Mr. Lewisohn's method is the simple one of appreciation; he brings no added guarantee to the support of conventional judgments except the assent of his own temperament. And the quality of that temperament is rendered suspect by the random, unorganized nature of this book, by the crankiness and ignorance displayed when the author writes about contemporary literature, and by a pride in privacy. For Mr. Lewisohn is apparently unwilling to accept a possible collaboration of authors who have recently worked in his field; the only reference to Parrington is a sneer, and there is no indication that he has ever read Lawrence's truly important and radical *Studies in Classical American Literature.*

Mr. Lewisohn has attempted what he calls "a portrait of the American spirit." That portrait is apparently to be found in his major thesis, that the whole of our modern literature is a single act of rebellion against the Puritan spirit. Such a thesis can be maintained only by a distortion of Whitman; it is wholly without application to writers such as James or Emily Dickinson. One is tempted to question Mr. Lewisohn's Puritans; they are the familiar bogey-men, and if their spirit has had the remarkable persistence assigned to it, one feels that an investigation of its strength might be more to the point than our author's diatribes. Mr. Lewisohn says fair words about the worthlessness of revolt for revolt's sake, but a young author would be hard pressed to find out where Mr. Lewisohn would have him give his higher allegiance.

In fact Mr. Lewisohn does not seem to have had young authors or any other particular audience in mind when he wrote this book; he is working within the vacuum of his own sensibility. He has been a fairly successful novelist; one might expect that when he is criticising one of the classic American novelists there might occur a practitioner's advice to younger men. One would be disappointed; he is noticeably uninterested in the formal as-

pects of literature; all that one can get from his book is that if one's temperament is the same as Mr. Lewisohn's, these are the authors one will like or dislike. This privacy of judgment and feeling leads us back to Mr. Wilson. It is unjust to him to yoke him with Mr. Lewisohn, but both of them, and nearly all the other critics who were dominant in the last decade, have been guilty of faults which have made their work incapable of lasting influence and finally unimportant. Their reliance upon their own temperaments has reduced them to thesis-mongering whenever they have attempted general ideas: Mr. Wilson's elegiac temperament with its taste for funeral sermons and obituary notices is apparent no less in the fervor with which he buries, in *Axel's Castle*, "the whole belle-lettristic tradition of Renaissance culture," than in the ghoulish eagerness with which he anticipates a communist resurrection in his later book. Mr. Lewisohn's partiality reduces American literature to a playground on which we are to choose sides. This triviality is paralleled by a resultant narrow aestheticism: their inability to concentrate upon concrete personal problems, their reliance upon appreciation and enthusiasm (it is significant that the value of *Axel's Castle* resided in its purely expository passages), and their ultimate dependence upon conventional critics for judgments of value leave their works without relation to the requirements of their readers.

LAWRENCE LEIGHTON

PRINCIPALLY SOCIAL

THEATRE AND FRIENDSHIP. SOME HENRY JAMES LETTERS. *With a commentary by Elizabeth Robins. Putnam.* 1932. $3.50.

THE THREE JAMESES. A FAMILY OF MINDS. *By C. Hartley Grattan. Longmans, Green & Co. New York.* 1932. $3.50.

THE correspondence of Spinoza is part of his greatness; that of Flaubert in some measure explains the origins of his work; the letters of Henry Adams have both an historical interest and explain the workings of Adams' mind. These letters, written between 1891 and 1911 to Elizabeth Robins, express nothing of the greatness and explain nothing of the work of Henry James. Together they make a footnote to Lubbock's two volume edition of the letters. A footnote may or may not be read; and if it is, is read to satisfy a minor curiosity or to achieve a minor elucidation. Thus curiosity here is minor, is secondary, and may give way to the most fantastic personal speculations about the kind of private man who wrote the letters.

We have nothing to do with the novelist, very little with the critic, not much more with the dramatist—though many of these letters concern Ibsen and some refer to James' own plays; but we have a great deal to do with the man in society, especially feminine, italicised society. Ibsen and the theatre—Miss Robins was an American Ibsen actress in London who took the leading role in one of James' plays and was meant to have acted in others—furnished the point of contact and the impetuous spring for one version, in James' life, of the private relation between men and women.

That relation, as these letters afford a description of its limits,

was to be both a free escape and the exercise of a delicate, but rigid convention. In these letters James put on his social guise and let himself go; the social obligation once assumed gave a polite opportunity and an unquestionable form for the most lavish tenderness. It must have been at once a progressive sense of escape and an increasing subjection to convention which led James, as he and Miss Robins actually saw less of each other and had less in common, to close his letters with mounting fervour. The earlier letters closed with such phrases as these:— "Yours most truly; Yours most particularly; Ever yours; Always." The middle period showed signs of elaboration: "Yours pertinaciously; Yours with the fondest participation." The later letters, in closing, flowered to the point of floridity: "Yours ever so yearningly; Yours all and always; Your faithfullest old friend; Yours no less wearily than constantly; Yours none the less affectionately and intendingly, and, in time, surmountingly; Very watchfully, waitingly yours."

Miss Robins, to whom, with these endearments, James addressed himself, thought James had eyes that laughed at, not with, his interlocutor. She writes of what struck her as the "unleashing of that terrific power to deride, to wither, to reduce to nothingness"; and she mentions the "formidable irony" he had occasionally to employ in parrying invitations and beseechments. Miss Robins is corroborated elsewhere, by Ford Madox Ford who has spoken of the ferocity of James' language and the extreme, startling penetration of his gaze. The self-contradiction and heaping exaggeration of the phrases quoted above may be taken as one mode of escape—the mode of excessive release—from the sentimentality, and the morbid irony—both of which we may take it that he felt in all his human relations. It may be seen how often the social obligations he undertook must have seemed weights which he had to raise shoulder high, with infinite regularity, to keep himself in trim.

Again, James wrote to Mrs Bell about the assignment of the part of Mrs Tanqueray to Mrs Pat Campbell instead of to Miss Robins: "The world is really pour rire and the most vitriolic irony is as mother's milk to the satire one would *like* to lash it with." It may be, as Miss Robins says, that "the partisanship was balm." It was doubtless meant so—as a man's strongest language accompanies a stubbed toe. This was James' way of exclaiming: "How perfectly dreadful it all is: how awfully sorry I am!" Whatever his personal sense of the situation may have been, it

has little to do with what he wrote Mrs Bell. What he wrote was verbal and stood, in a social way, between the situation and the parties concerned: stood to replace it.

A very different, but hardly more personal, impetus moves the language of the following sentences, written to Miss Robins in her illness. There are those who delight in funerals, that they may express, not their own grief, but the grief that belongs to the occasion. It was something like that with James; he was able to leave himself and enter into his friends' occasions, and the feat was worth performing gracefully. "It was a great sorrow not to be able to see you on Monday, but I would gladly pay for your right regimen by a dozen personal pains. I in fact fairly revel in your retirement and jubilate over your surrender. You got well too fast and we are only putting in the slowness, like so many dropped stitches of the silver thread, *now*. The reckoning will soon be complete and then our conscience, the general one, and your condition, will be good together."

The feat was not only worth performing gracefully; it must have been worth more to the recipient, as a novelist's persuasive projection, a feeling of the occasion merely, than any amount of ordinary sympathy. While there was little of the personal to accept, there was none to repel.

The weak and emotionally bewildered doubtless feel differently. Miss Robins, in introducing the letter quoted and others similar, has her own way of understanding the matter. ". . . There is in illness a power to tell us something about our friends, denied to the eloquence of health." She goes on,—after saying that James exclaimed neither I told you so, or What else is to be expected in such a world?—"That this was far from being the form, was due not only to the fact that the man of genius is not the one to convince us life isn't worth living—his power to feel, and to express, are seen too clearly as a glorious vindication of that value he may deny." Miss Robins is more or less unconsciously saying that James dealt with her illness as a novelist of genius rather than in the more peripheral capacity of friend: and this dealing she none the less believes to be an expression of sympathy.

The social form is responsible for the confusion—in James', Miss Robins', and the reader's minds: the personal element is retained to a degree—just to that degree in which the social obligation had to be affirmed—the obligation to escape rather than to meet the occasion. The letter writer and the novelist are different creatures of the Psyche, and each runs away from the disci-

pline imposed by the other. Every social letter, for example, however finished, is yet, in comparison to a novel, a draft, with all the over-emphasis and distortion common to drafts; and no novel, no matter how casual, but is, if successful, subdued by its substance. When the novelist writes letters, as letters they will be both too free and too limited. He cannot shape his conception—such is the penalty of freedom—tightly enough; neither, without injury to the quotidian with which he deals, can he transform it to his private purpose. He will invariably, at some point, give himself away.

But it is hard to see (like the trees for the wood) where that point is. The reader considers, speculates, and resorts to fancy. We may say, when we think of what seem, frankly, the silly letters that he wrote, that as a novelist James had a mind so luxuriant that he had always to tone down his fictions; in all the rich expansion of his later books, there was, subduing it from underneath, the spareness of concentrated purpose. The final effect of *The Ambassadors*, of *The Sacred Fount*, even of *The Golden Bowl*, was meant to be lean and muscular. As he resorted to adverbs rather than adjectives, so he wished to modify and direct action rather than the objects through which the action passed. The movement, the growth, the agony of a situation was his interest rather than the arrest of the terms to which the action clung. The terms of *The Spoils of Poynton*, for example, were two or three vanloads of beautiful furniture; but the subject, the donnée, of the book is something quite different—the active realisation of loss, and so an essential recognition of life.

It is difficult for the reader, and must have been difficult for James in practice, to reconcile the kind of interest expressed in the novels with the interest of the social correspondence which occupied so much of his time. The novels were toned down, their substance controlled in a form; the letters were toned up, in one sense only so little being expressed as would fill out the form, in another sense something greatly in excess of what he felt. Perhaps—it is a specious guess—we may make a case. In actual conversation, with the urge inescapably before him, James was sometimes tonguetied, embarrassed by the riches of choice and what seemed the poverty of the ears that were to listen. At any rate, we have reports of incomplete, incompletable sentences, of suspensions, hesitations, frankly frantic verbal gestures—efforts left intensely in the air; these from a man whose written style was

the most rounded of all. It was not a drawing back; James was stultified in his speech rather by the impossibility of letting himself go to no purpose. The same man, under other circumstances, could talk well enough; he could, Miss Robins reports, make a kind of rash soliloquy in the theatre.

> One never grew wholly acclimatized to the nipping airs that now and then would blow about the startled stalls. Mr. James' all too audible remarks, conveyed in terms always 'chosen', often picturesque, sometimes diabolic, as though he revelled in mercilessness—would send cold shivers down his companion's spine. She could tell without looking, that the lucky people on each side, or immediately in front or behind—whether they, 'poor dears,' were enjoying the play or not—very certainly were enjoying Mr. James. As for me, at such times I could only sit tingling under a series of shocks. To remonstrate however discreetly made things worse. From a denunciation so 'lively' that it was deadly, the critic would fall to a still more scathing pity, in which I would find myself involved.

Here James inexplicably (in relation to the excessive formality of his conduct generally) let himself go; this interest surpassed his manners, as it did, essentially, at every critical point in his novels and essays. Is it not possible to say that in his social letters he let himself go the other way, worked, to use his own language, the conventions of gallantry, courtesy, and affection all they were good for? There hardly seems to be another explanation for the language of letters like these (and like the even more florid and more silly letters to Benson published by Scribner's two years ago). We have a man horribly alone, exalting the trivia of social life into the conventions of emotion. The case must be made out something like that. The actual meetings to which these letters so often refer inspired no such language; James read to his friends, criticised manuscripts, went to the theatre, indulged in gossip, etc.,—in a detached and concentrated manner; it was only away from them that he could express his feelings to his friends, and he took an intentionally exaggerated manner.

The one thing Miss Robins' volume demonstrates is that the social letters of a great writer tells us nothing about what we value most, the writings, and afford only a partial portrait of the man who wrote. It was doubtless a pleasure for Miss Robins to have received the letters; but the subsequent and disinterested reader must miss the original and for him meretricious pleasure. The letters tell him only what kind of social letter James wrote; the rest is his own rumination.

Thus James escapes the double blight of his own letters and

his friend's commentary—escapes by the force of his work and the weight of his personality. It is unfortunate that Mr Hartley Grattan's book *The Three Jameses* cannot be summoned in evidence of the character and quality of that force and that weight. Mr Grattan has read the works and studied the minds of these men at great length but to no advantage. Of each we are presented an account wholly disorderly, enthusiastically blind, and often illiterate. I quote the last sentence of the Epilogue and the last sentence of the Bibliographical Notes.

> Whatever happens it seems correct to believe that, long after William James's ideas have been so thoroughly assimilated in the cultural stream that his name is no longer associated with them, long after Henry James, Sr., has ceased to be interesting even as an unregarded protagonist of supernaturalism, Henry James's novels will be studied as the most brilliant projections of the ideal of leisure class society under the capitalistic regime.
>
> Almost any essay on a modern writer who is in the general stream of tendency in psychology offers hints for defining the relation of the Jameses to that tendency.

These sentences illustrate Mr Grattan's thesis and his achievements perfectly.

R. P. Blackmur

THE CANON OF DEATH

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON. *By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1932. $3.50.

"THE present volume, *Death in the Afternoon*, is not intended to be either historical or exhaustive. It is intended as an introduction to the modern Spanish bullfight and attempts to explain that spectacle both emotionally and practically." *Death in the Afternoon* is more than an introduction to bull-fighting. It is also a spiritual autobiography, a study of manners in the Iberian peninsula and a book, which though not fictional, concerns the craft of fiction. It also defines in a way which has perhaps never before been attempted, at least in the English language, the ecstasy in valor.

A book about bullfights, it is in more ways than one a book like a bullfight. Mr. Hemingway commences his apologia with a defense and a justification for the disembowelling of horses. To many of his readers *Death in the Afternoon* is a revolting book, not alone because of his descriptions of corporeal decay, nor from his free speech. Indeed, there are qualities in the book which are so hateful that, like the horses, they are best suffered first.

Death in the Afternoon is, of all personal books, the most personal. The quality of its author's character is imprinted in the ink of the type on every page. The one thing Mr. Hemingway prizes above all others is that kind of valor which is the "strength of mind in resisting fear and braving danger; bravery; especially, courage and skill in fighting." There may be other kinds of courage but it is with physical courage alone he is occupied. His approach to physicality is immediate and tactile. He can only describe what he has seen with his eyes, touched with his hands. Not only does he distrust any other perception, he virtually denies

its possibility. He divides most males, and this also is a book of "Men Without Women", into two classes, those with balls and those without. He allocates his maleness according to his prejudices and has always in mind his two categories. It is for them he does his writing, or at least for and in praise of those that have; in spite of and against those that haven't. Those that have balls are certain bull-fighters who are unimaginative enough to be incapable of fearing the intense danger to which they are constantly exposed, or those who imagining it, can transcend it, "Goya" and "William Faulkner." Those who have not are certain cowardly toreros who fake courage without achieving it, upper middle-class American snobs, "those who suck after intellectuals and marry money", magazine owners, "well-fed, skull and bones-ed, porcellian-ed, beach-tanned, flannelled, Panama-hatted, sports-shod men, "Radiguet" and "El Greco."[1] This distinction may be infantile, naïve and limited, but it means a great deal to Mr. Hemingway and it is the source of his limits. In the terms of his limits he can best be explained.

At the present, physical courage is scarcely a necessity, at least among people who are not professional sports-men, workers with treacherous machines, soldiers, steeplejacks, or the like. Chivalric valor lurks in the boy-scout manuals and is presupposed in sport, but one scarcely ever thinks of one's friends as brave or cowardly in terms of their bodies. Mr. Hemingway very much does. For him, valor is almost the ability to die well, and his contempt for his fellows who accept an unheroic end is close to the snobbish contempt of a bully, without kindness, sympathy or the profounder comprehension of the chemical roots of cowardice.

The presence of physical bravery, that is, on its most elemental plane, the plane of a child's courage, is a personal attribute not unlike physical beauty, as disparate, and for most purposes as irrelevant. Rank cowardice can be as sickening as a ghastly scar,

[1] Hemingway accuses Meier-Graefe of going to Spain to see its paintings "in order to have publishable ecstasies about them". That he went to see bull-fights for the same reason would be as true. Hemingway's opinion of Greco is his own and will no doubt influence the same people who think *The Sun Also Rises* is a great work. From what we know of Greco, he did *not* "believe in the Holy Ghost, in the communion and fellowship of saints . . . and in fairies." He was had up by the Inquisition for heterodoxy, his library contained more classical than Christian writers, he was suspected of being an heretic; he was surely a supreme satirist, as anyone who looks at the Burial simply, knows. The documents of his domestic life would confuse Mr. Hemingway if he read them. There is no trace of viciousness at all.

when it is not psychopathic. The balance between action against odds and inaction may be a moral balance, but a nerveless bravery without thought of reverse possibility however fair to see, is hardly the subject for praise or blame. Mr. Hemingway believes in the courage of immediate physical action above all other. It is an implicit belief in the innocence of animals, in the purity of uncorrupted flesh;—its god-like thoughtlessness. He is not busied with the courage of the mind, the energy of a moral activity resistless in its penetration to the heart of truth, unflinching at any self-imposed limits. He does not recognize that valor above the quickened pulse and caught breath, the valor necessary to ignore one's own hard erected categories, to exceed the limits that might endanger one's position as a finished technician on a certain plane of development. He does not admit the simple bravery of a man doomed to an exploitation of every possibility of human morality, for whom physical death, however superbly received, is no release.

Ernest Hemingway more deliberately and consciously than any American writer of fiction since Henry James has occupied himself with his education as a man of letters. Like every new artist of power he has the conviction that no one before him ever achieved the razor truth of indestructible accuracy in rendering emotion. So he went to Spain, where since the wars were over, such a simple thing as physical death could be anatomized down to its last ritualized detail. He occupied himself first with death, since it is less complex than life,—perhaps because the terrible unreality of war had rendered his perceptions anemic, and he could bear the simplicity of orderly death, the real limits of synthesized bloodletting, feeling here was life in its essential microcosm. One can hardly pass any judgment on this attitude in *Death in the Afternoon* until the appearance of its author's subsequent work. Then one can see whether or not an education in mortality has had the desired effect.

Death in the Afternoon has been called a classic of presentation. It commences with mentioning the unmentionable, the visceral comedies of a horse's ripped belly; take it or leave it. Shortly an old lady is introduced, a fiendish beldame of gracious cruelty and kindly spite, who speaks in the formal diction of an excellent translation of Cervantes. The old lady at first seems Hemingway's compacted adversaries,—those who are bored by bullfights, those who think he should stick to writing conversation, which he, at least, does well. She voices the reader's own unvoiced objections before he thinks of them, to allow the author to settle

the score before he is sure it is this or that to which his enemy really objects. She is a device of genius, and in his dialogue with her it is at once apparent in its finished state what has been felt before in approximation—that Hemingway's talk is more dramatic than his situations, and he is admirably fitted as a writer of plays.

"OLD LADY: Well, sir, since we have stopped early today why do you not tell me a story?

"About what, Madame?

"OLD LADY: Anything you like, sir, except I would not like another one about the dead. I am a little tired of the dead.

"Ah, Madame, the dead are tired too."

One would think from this notice that the mention of bull fighting in *Death in the Afternoon* was secondary to various ideas of living and dying. But if Hemingway is forgotten as a novelist and as an influence, his book on bulls will be read always as the most complete definition of the decadence of that phenomenon. It gives one the very rare illusion, after having completed it, that one knows all about—that there is literally nothing more to learn of—a single segment at least, of human experience. His technical descriptions are also for laymen, and with the wonderful photographs a completely legible and absorbing guide. He has a visual memory which creates in one, his two kinds of Travel-Books, a true promise of Spain before you've been there, and a living reconstruction after you've come away.

Some artists have a superb overflow, an extra exuberance of creative energy which splashes all over the formal structure of their work. One thinks of Melville's chapter on the "Whiteness of the Whale", of Byron's bad rhymes. In Hemingway the overflow is there too, of a different sort, to be sure, but in the same relation. With him it is his personal sneers, his irritable cheapness, his disposal of men he dislikes as fairies with the same lazy bravado of Marxians dismissing the petty-bourgeoisie. It is his insistence on including private references to shock, and to give trouble to the collators of his posthumous editions. It is his bullying and his adolescent apology for the expression of any overt feeling, which fortunately by no means hinders him from its accurate and splendid analysis, and it is the other meanness and lack of grace which is only socially embarrassing, and which he so relentlessly scores in others.

But however irritating, this overflow is separate and meaning-

less. The sum of the book stands head and shoulders above his worst self; it is his best self. That it is as good as it is and no better is perhaps a severe judgment upon the whole nature of our literature. That the discipline to which its author subjected himself in order to write it was deliberate and possibly artificial, that the choice of the subject matter itself is remote from the majority of his countrymen's interest and of a decadent form of entertainment in a decadent period, is all true enough, and on account of that fact the book's importance is enormous as a definition of the state of affairs in which artists find themselves today. Hemingway, whether he likes it or not, is at once a reformer of literature and a violent reactionary. He has made it almost impossible for anyone to write loosely of a certain portion of physical experience again. His conviction that nothing is really like what most writers think it is, of the almost complete inexpressibility of the essence of anything, may cloud his own expression with a petulant impatience, but it is a sovereign warning for anyone who attempts less. *Death in the Afternoon* is an exhilarating, exhausting and thorough monument in spite of its author and its time, a tragic masterpiece whose tragedy is also implicit in the character of its author, of his time and of his work.

Hemingway's eloquence concerning the delights of dealing death is the climax and point to this book. Just as completely as he has shown us the minute shifts of wrist, sucked in belly and the profiled thrust, just as he has taken us to bull-testings, to the cafés where the hangers-on sit with the promoters over the food they eat, the talk they talk, just as he has smelled for us the exact taste of courage in the throat, "the smell of smoked leather or the smell of a frozen road", so has he unalterably demonstrated the transports of a matador, as he plays the whole crowd through the bull "and being moved as it responds in a growing ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death that leaves you, when it is over, and the death administered to the animal that has made it possible, as empty, as changed and as sad as any major emotion will leave you." Hemingway knows how separate and inert our contemporary existences are from the elements of living, from a more primitive and unconditional sensibility and he has almost erected a canon of death to restore to us the capacity for life. "Once you accept the rule of death Thou shalt not kill is an easily and a naturally obeyed commandment. But when a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the god-like attributes; that of giving it."

He has penetrated further into the anatomy of a kind of bravery and cowardice than perhaps any living writer except T. E. Lawrence. The author of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* could afford to presuppose his courage, which Hemingway cannot, but he was writing about pure action engaging masses of men in actual carnage. "Blood was always on our hands: we were licensed to it." The bull-fighters are more priests than warriors. The blood on their hands is almost sacrificial and it was Hemingway's misfortune that the war failed to teach him how men died, so he had to investigate the artifice of how men have continued to kill and not be killed. Only the behavior of a man in the face of sure death seems to convince him of his ability to live. More insistent on a unique aspect of humanity than D. H. Lawrence, Conrad or Stephen Crane, he achieves by this concentration a greater intensity, if a slighter reference. Hemingway is an incomplete tragic artist whose wilful limits, as yet, exclude him from the company of creators of living character. He has, to be sure, given us characters, but they have the signature of his choice attached, and he has personally endowed them with their characteristics. They do not exist in their own air, independent of his approval, as do Anna Karenin, Starbuck, or Leopold Bloom. Convinced and a master of a physical world as he now is, can he dare to acquire a knowledge of the others? No one, at least in this country, knows how much there is to be known for the purposes which he has so far proudly professed.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

THE WAR GENERATION

1919. *By John Dos Passos. Harcourt Brace. New York.* 1932. $2.50.

MR DOS PASSOS'S new novel takes the characters we first met in *42nd Parallel*, and a few new ones, through the War and into the Peace. His method is the same as in *42nd Parallel*; he tells the stories of about a dozen "real Americans", intertwining them apparently quite mechanically, and breaking them off from time to time, seemingly quite arbitrarily, to make room for "Newsreel", "Camera Eye", and "Biographies". The Newsreels are collections of newspaper headlines, posters, snatches from popular songs, and so on, intended to give the atmosphere of the public events of the time. The Biographies are sketches of conspicuous figures, such as John Reed the radical, Woodrow Wilson, J. P. Morgan. They are in the style of *New Masses* cartoons: loud, simplified and somewhat heavy: we see the elder Morgan with his magpie eye and his big black cigar clutching the loot of empire. The Camera Eyes contain the best writing in the book; they are lyrical and impressionistic. The dust cover informs you that they give Mr Dos Passos's "own memory of the events and years recorded in the novel," and they are indeed *intermittences du coeur*, like Hemingway's famous homesick trout-fishing trips, and jaunts to Spain. The uprooted generation likes to dwell on its memories, while

With Ernest in the streets of Saragossa
Our mouths are hard, we say *qué cosa*,

as Mr MacLeish chants.

The stories of the "real Americans" take up most of the book, and constitute its best claim to being a novel, if there still is such a thing. As stories they are very monotonous, but as snapshots of the War Generation they are excellent. The Texas flapper Daughter; the seaman Joe Williams; and the Harvard undergraduates, all come to life. Mr Dos Passos is supposed to have studied Joyce; perhaps it was by reading *Ulysses* that he trained his ear to catch the dialects of various trades, localities, and social strata—at any rate, his book is full of authentic voices and rhythms of speech. But at this point the similarity to *Ulysses* ends. Joyce revivified a myth in contemporary terms; *1919* has no more structure than a show at the New Playwrights' Theatre, now defunct. And, of course, Mr Dos Passos has a different intention: he is a propagandist for Communism.

"It will take some huge wave of hope like a revolution to make me feel any selfrespect ever again," says Richard Savage, the Harvard man, in one of his moods of good-fellowship and self-hatred. This seems to be what the Revolution means to the author, or perhaps what it meant to him in 1919. But in 1919 the Revolution was thwarted on all sides. The honest young people who might have made Dos Passos-Communists are all premature victims of the System. Those who belong to the "Capitalist Class" but have some capacity for receiving the new faith, relapse into cynicism and disillusionment. Democratic Idealism, it is true, perishes with Woodrow Wilson, but Mass Action goes to Atlanta with Ben Compton or is mutilated and then murdered in the person of Wesley Everest. And all the while Mr Dos Passos asks us to believe that the Revolution would have made self-respecting men out of the boys, and that all the furtive, selfish love-affairs he shows us would grow clean and fine under Communism. Under Communism a woman can have a baby if she wants one, as Helen Mauer remarks, when she sends Ben out for contraceptives. Meanwhile, she accepts the painful realities of the Capitalist regime. Something like this seems to be the moral of the tale. The Chosen People are to mortify themselves with dust and ashes during the Dispersion.

It is evident that this new faith, or "new wave of hope," is a mob excitement just as much as the parades of returning soldiers

which Mr Dos Passos scorns so bitterly. The blaring of brass, whether by the 7th Regiment Band or Mr Dos Passos, stirs up enough ill-defined emotion to make you forget for the moment the sub-human stupidity of the marchers. Mr Dos Passos's book is as exciting as Armistice Day on Fifth Avenue, or the Sunday Rotogravure. The question arises, is Mr Dos Passos really interested in the enthusiasm itself, or in the Marxian dogma which is supposed to be its object?—In Marxian dogma, he would probably answer. But the picture he shows us is a picture of a crowd of boys and girls, Whitman's "tan-faced children", "you roughs, you twain!" looking with their "slow honest eyes" for oblivion in excitement, whatever the slogan. Here I believe is the fundamental confusion in the book. Mr Dos Passos would like to have us think of him as pretty grim—a steel-grey figure weeping at the Proletarian woes, yet clear-eyed; an intellectual who has outgrown the last two thousand years of civilization, bearing the Five-Year Plan in one hand and Martyrdom in the other. What his book shows us is a talented story-writer, the spiritual heir of Stephen Crane and Jack London, with a sentimental attachment to the great quality of American Innocence, which is the innocence of his own adolescence never outgrown.

Francis Fergusson

THE WHOLE IMAGE OF MAN

THE FIVE SEASONS. *By Phelps Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1931. $2.00.

THIS second volume of Mr. Putnam's verse contains fourteen poems: twelve new ones and, from "Trinc" (1927), two poems which foreshadowed the larger design of a work that even here is not complete. The new book is the second stage at which the projected work has arrived. It may require many years for completion; meanwhile the hastier and often speciously organized works of less serious poets provide the text for easy commentary that the critics desire. Putnam states no "position"; he offers no "solutions." Although he says that the poems "were conceived in an objective mode," there is at present no promise of an objective design; the poems are fragments from the experience of a kind of picaresque hero who has an insatiable curiosity for American life.

The method that Putnam has chosen, the almost haphazard variety of forms that suggest themselves to him as he proceeds, departs radically from the practice of the leading poets in the last decade. There is no set theme which initiates the reader's mind into the intention of the whole work: each poem is a new event in the hero's life—an event that the poet is willing to present but not to define in too quick an act of understanding. In the case of the late Hart Crane, the symbol of the Brooklyn Bridge was an immediate intuition prior to the perceptions necessary to give it meaning: the final obscurity of "The Bridge" lies in the strain between the arbitrary symbol and the lagging images. Pound's "Cantos" have a similar defect. Simple historical contrast, ancient civilization against modern vulgarity, is a static feat of abstraction that cannot hold the work together. It is a novel theology which argues that the vulgarity of the vulgar constitutes them damned. For no one "experiences" either vulgarity or civilization; they are

terms for qualities lying at a depth which Pound does not explore. "The Waste Land" contrasts the present and the past, but these abstract qualities are made properly parallel to the deeper conflict of good and evil which sustains the poem.

In all three of these works the structure which supports their various sorts of objective completeness is superimposed on the material. With Pound and Crane it represents a forced conclusion —not the result of long meditation, of long seasoning of the mind in the subject, but rather an assertive act of will that assumes too easily the pretensions of a "philosophy"; meanwhile the disorganized vision of the poet warns us that here, at least, one person has missed salvation. In Eliot's "The Waste Land" the structure—whatever its moral implications may be—is a deliberately chosen convention comparable to the pastoral machinery of "Lycidas." Yet in all these poets a certain generalization precedes the act of writing, a conscious prepossession, dictating the choice of symbols and limiting the poet's range of perception. That is the value of traditional form. Putnam is attempting to construct his work more broadly—tentatively and empirically—with what eventual success no one at present can say. He states no objective in advance either explicitly or through some idea from which we should infer the direction of his work.

All the recent poems, all those, that is, that have been written since the juvenilia in the first part of "Trinc," set forth the adventures of a group of characters of whom the chief figure is the wanderer Bill Williams. Williams is the "hero"; he alone knows the true nature of his quest—the quest for salvation—and the other characters, Hasbrouck, Smith the poet, Ames, are the partial aspects of his complete sensibility. It is he who asks, in an early poem of the Williams cycle: "What guidance in this mess?" For he is "in hell without a guide." Hell is the modern world, and the ascent from it, the salvation of the hero—in whose salvation, if it is valid, we shall be able to participate—will not be found in quick rationalizations of personal or social crises. It is the mastery of individual experience: Putnam's work began before the Depression and, unaffected by it, it goes its way.

Although Putnam rejects the historical aids to the solution of his problem, he ignores the secular, political view of it now fashionable among the radical Liberals. His concern is his hereditary New England problem of individual integrity, and the search that Williams conducts through hell is for that qualitative and thus indefinable balance of the soul called grace:

> Release me, Lord, now let your child advance
> Into the energy of solitude
> Where there are no fecund murderous paths,
> And wisdom might come beating into me
> Without the need of faulty messengers.

When Bill Williams appears in hell "without a guide," we know that the Vergilian intellect, or the wisdom of the past, is powerless to explain his plight; the intellect is a faulty messenger. In the midst of hell, or suddenly, perhaps elsewhere, but without knowing that he has escaped, Williams glimpses heaven—sees for a moment the tortured grace that he pursues; but—

> At the top of heaven I remembered hell . . .

And:

> My Lord, must I still suffer memory?

Heaven and hell are not clearly divided; the emotions of the hero are mixed. This explains, I believe, the lack of internal form in many of the poems, chiefly in the magnificently written "Daughters of the Sun." That poem is an invocation of the sun as a religious symbol, but its religious properties are not common knowledge, and are unknown also to the hero who speaks the prayer. The result is that no objective emotions are established to which the hero can return for illumination of his experience, past or to come. The sun does not reach the fixation of a symbol, and the hero's complex emotions remain at the end in their initial state of complication. They have not attached themselves to a fixed meaning; the hero moves on, "suffering memory" of his emotions. He derives nothing from the past; and so, in the "Hymn to Chance," he prays to the god of modern disorder:

> Make us tough and mystical,
> Give us such eyes as will penetrate your eyes
> And lungs to draw the breath you give to us.
> Hear us for we do not beg;
> We only pray you heal our idiot ways
> The kind of lonely madness which we have
> Of bleeding one another on the road.
> We travel in the belly of the wind;
> It is you, Lord, who will make us lame or swift.

The blurring out of the imagery in the fifth, sixth, and seventh lines reveals the chief defect of Putnam's work, and betrays at the

same time the limitations of this sort of poetic empiricism. "Bleeding one another on the road" is a simple statement whose fundamental obscurity lies in the tentative character of the supporting symbolism of the whole work. Its possible justification is its relation to a sensibility that contemporary eyes cannot discern—a sensibility that may, as in the case of Baudelaire, be recognized later as one of the deepest of the age.

Bill Williams' empiricism, his refusal to take any provisional advice from the fragmentary wisdom of the past, suggests that for the present at least he may be more interested in having his adventures, in suffering the memory of their intensity, than in understanding them. We must remember that he is first of all an American hero; he must be tough enough to withstand the shock of new experience; mystical, that is to say, sceptical enough to test all the experience of his age before he is willing to settle down.

However, one may suspect that Putnam's determination to make his hero's religion a brand new one, his unwillingness to keep an open mind about the past, his intolerance of the ideas, symbols, terms of other times, is due to a rebellion of one side of his intelligence that has subtly affected all sides of it. In the positive search of Williams for the state of grace, there is the negative revolt against the narrow exclusion of the sensuous life from the New England mind. This leads him in many of the poems to imagine the state of grace in terms of sexual pleasure; it is an ancient metaphor, but Putnam's use of it is literal. The two ecstasies are identical; the glimpse of heaven from the depths of hell is a moment's sensation; then it is all hell again in an inconclusive irony that takes the hero no forwarder in his quest.

It is a curious fact that the discovery of the sensuous world by New England writers often turns out to be a rediscovery of sex. Then follows an excitement of revolt. Henry Adams reconstructed the thirteenth century out of his impulse to find a rich world of sense, and the impulse carried with it the necessity to conduct his search in moral terms: when sensuousness and morality are added together (in New England) the sum is woman, and we get from Adams the abstraction, Nature is moral contingency—the perfect symbol of which, for his devious and snobbish intelligence, was the Virgin of Chartres. Mr. Robinson's heroes dry up in a world of deliquescent senses; they commit murder and adultery, at times even rape; but they never move easily in the sensuous world,

and they never seem to feel any of their crimes—which they talk about thirty years later.

In the first poem of this volume, "Words of An Old Woman," Putnam makes the American soil speak its bitterness against the lust of power. "The hero, Bill Williams, had for a while the notion that he was in search of power": the Old Woman gives him a new object—the search for a religious conception of Man in Nature. Nature has been raped; the lust of power has destroyed man's easy access to the sensuous world; it has reduced his position in it to a pragmatic abstraction. Where shall we satisfy the need of the religious mind for contemplation, whose sole power is power over oneself? That is the question that Putnam is asking—a question to which he will not give a hasty answer. For the answer is not a formula; it must come out of the way in which men live. These poems are rare evidence of a poet's patience and integrity in that most thankless of his tasks—the re-creation of the whole image of man.

Allen Tate

T. S. ELIOT

JOHN DRYDEN. *By T. S. Eliot. The Holliday Bookshop. New York.* 1932. $1.50.
SELECTED ESSAYS. *By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York.* 1932. $3.50.
MR. ELIOT AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES. *By Louis Grudin. Lawrence Drake. Paris.* 1932. $1.00.

IN *John Dryden* Eliot examines Dryden's contribution to English literature as a poet, dramatist and critic. He adds little that is of general interest to his previous *Homage to John Dryden* and writes with less than his usual lucidity and elegance. *Selected Essays* will be useful to those who did not obtain his various prose writings as they appeared. It is difficult not to regret some of the omissions. The files of *The Egoist* and *The Athenaeum* contain a number of reviews which deserve to be reprinted, notably an appreciation of Henry James. In view of the fact that Eliot's master, Ezra Pound, has not had proper recognition, it is unfortunate that neither the appreciation in *The Dial* nor the preface to Pound's *Selected Poems* should have been included. And beside *Thoughts on Lambeth*, which presents its author as an active member of the Church of England, might have been placed the note in *The Enemy, Religion Without Humanism*, and the preface to Pascal, which partially explain how he arrived at such an attitude.

Eliot is primarily a poet and a critic of poetry, and has never wished to appear before the world in any other capacity. His religious and political ideas are an attempt to solve the difficulties which he encountered as a poet.

In *The Sacred Wood*, discussing poetry as poetry and not as a substitute for philosophy or a vehicle for preaching moral or political dogmas, he decided that a poet's function was "to express the greatest emotional intensity of his time, based on whatever his time happened to think." A great poet of the past—

Dante, for example—had been able to use "a framework of accepted and traditional ideas" which "prevented him from indulging in a philosophy of his own, and concentrated his attention upon the problems of the poet." The modern poet did not have any such framework of ideas with which to organize his experience. He had, therefore, either to abandon poetry for philosophy, or to write poetry that was chaotic.

There was also the problem of communication. The Elizabethan dramatists could speak to a popular audience because they shared the same general ideas and could use an accepted form. For them good art was "the *refinement*, not the antithesis, of popular art." In the modern world there were no accepted moral ideas, no ordered social system, and no popular art which was capable of refinement. The artist could not look to any definite class for appreciation; the lower classes and the aristocracy, both of which had once been morally healthy, were becoming merged into the bourgeoisie, and the bourgeoisie were "morally corrupt." The result of modern education had been to ruin our taste by obscuring "what we really are and feel, what we really want, and what really excites our interest." A good writer, therefore, found himself isolated.

As a poet, Eliot describes the situation of the individual who has no fixed relationship with society or with the external world and cannot find within himself any vital powers which would enable him to live without it. This is perhaps the only theme the modern world offers for major poetry. The poet, as such, cannot find a solution, because his function is to describe particular experiences; and what is needed is a general philosophical attitude, with which experiences can be classified and evaluated, and a principle of social order. Much of the resentment against Eliot is caused by a failure to understand that poetry, though it may make us conscious of the Waste Land, can never lead us out of it. As a critic, however, Eliot has examined the reasons for the intellectual and social chaos, and indicated a possible method of restoring order. He advocates a return to the European tradition.

The same problems have occupied other American writers, but the most popular solution—at least during the economic crisis—has been not Catholicism but Communism. Communism might put an end to economic insecurity; it would thereby set us free for more important tasks. But it cannot provide the intellectual and social order which is the main requirement of the poet.

The philosophy of Communism is a weapon for obtaining cer-

tain limited ends. Those who adopt it are compelled to ignore the universal problems with which poetry has always concerned itself, —of Man and his place in the Universe, of love and death, moral conflict, sin and retribution. They must deal only with certain local and temporary phenomena caused by a particular economic situation; they must classify men according to economic status and forget everything about any individual except what he has in common with the other members of his economic group.

It is difficult to understand how any intellectual can seriously adopt this attitude. Converts to the Marxist theology—Mr. Granville Hicks, for example—complain when a writer "presents life in terms of moral conflict rather than class struggle." But it is obvious that if class struggle were the only reality, Mr. Hicks would be fighting with the bourgeoisie. It was something other than class struggle—sense of justice, perhaps, or a private need for dogmas—which caused Mr. Hicks to leave the class into which he was born and line up with the proletariat; what is aesthetically significant about Mr. Hicks is the moral conflict which must have preceded his conversion. In reply to arguments of this kind we are told to wait until after the revolution, when classes will be abolished; poets will then return to universal problems. But what is required is a system of general ideas for dealing with these problems. Communists realize the necessity in so far as they offer the doctrine of class struggle as a general (though very inadequate) attitude towards experience. But when classes have been abolished we shall return to precisely the same condition of intellectual anarchy as now.

A Communist society, moreover, would not restore harmony between the poet and his audience. It would not hinder that unchecked pursuit of power over nature or that desire for social conformity and prestige which, in America, are the chief reasons for the contempt of aesthetic and intellectual occupations; in fact, the poet who still refused to conform to the materialistic requirements of society would be not merely ignored, as now; he would be branded as a bourgeois individualist. The only reason which Communists give for expecting any improvement in the intellectual and aesthetic level of society is that after the revolution people would have leisure and economic security. The American upper classes enjoy these now, yet, as Communists are never tired of explaining, they are not remarkable for either happiness or culture. Post-revolutionary life would probably be very like the life now enjoyed by the American upper classes.

The truth is that Communism is not revolutionary enough. It is merely the culmination of the attitudes which have dominated mankind for the past century and which are responsible for our present chaos. Like liberalism, and like the individualism upon which American civilization has been built, it accepts human desires as absolute and considers that the only function of the intellect is to find means for their realization. To the desire for authority and discipline, characteristic of our anarchical society, it offers a temporary satisfaction, which will disappear as soon as the revolution is successful. There is therefore no logical reason why any disciple of John Dewey or any admirer of Herbert Hoover should not become a follower of Stalin; Stalin differs merely in that his methods are more likely to have the required result. Any serious intellectual, however, will demand something more.

What Eliot chiefly recommends is Catholicism, as expressed most sanely in the philosophy of St. Thomas. According to the Catholic tradition happiness is the result not of realizing one's desires but of disciplining them. What is central in man is not the struggle against other men or against nature, but the moral struggle within himself. The end—the only ultimate end—is moral and emotional integrity. There is a nature common to all men, which is more fundamental than class distinctions, and man's happiness is to realize it. It is necessary to form an intellectual conception of it—in other words, adopt moral values—and discipline one's emotions lest any of them usurp too large a place. In particular, if the deeper and more fundamental requirements of human nature are to receive their proper supremacy, the inordinate desire for worldly goods must be kept under control. In Eliot's opinion this attitude towards human nature is truer than any other. It is also better for aesthetic purposes because it provides a method for evaluating, and fitting into a general scheme, every human experience. *The Divine Comedy* survives to prove it. With the aid of St. Thomas Dante gave an ordered presentation of every aspect of human nature, seeing everything just as it was and judging everything according to a hierarchy of values.

It is possible to accept the Thomist view of life without becoming a Catholic. One will then consider that the ultimate sanction for a system of ethics is that it should be harmonious with man's nature. One will use the Catholic tradition because it is the result of many centuries of experience and because it embodies the philosophy of the Greeks, especially of Aristotle. Eliot prefers to join the Church. However much one may feel that men need religious institutions—

and Eliot's criticism of Professor Babbitt amounts to little more than this—it is difficult not to feel the need for external authority to be a weakness, whether it takes the form of surrender to the Church or to Moscow. In an age like the present, when the predominance of mob emotion is rapidly increasing, it is a kind of treason to abandon one's spiritual autonomy. Eliot has not explained his conversion—he is not interested in publishing his personal experiences except in so far as they can be made aesthetic material. If, however, one wishes to prevent it from being imitated, it is necessary to adopt a critical attitude. Nobody can honestly become a Catholic unless he believes, from personal experience, that the grace of God is active in human hearts. Eliot has not, so far, expressed any strong belief in grace. Instead, he has declared that he awaits "the great genius who shall triumphantly succeed in believing *something*," and that too much knowledge (in the case of Professor Babbitt) may prevent a man from adopting any particular religious system. The lucidity of Eliot's intelligence is chiefly due to the care with which he prevents his emotions from being corrupted by ideas. It is possible that in the last resort he has allowed himself to be carried away by the sentimental attraction of an idea. Some of his utterances about religion have been suspiciously melodramatic—the capital A, for example, when he says that "only those have the right to talk of discipline who have looked into the Abyss." A theory of moral weakness might be supported by a study of Eliot's poetry, of the drugging effect of its rhythms and his fondness for romantic symbolism, as contrasted with the more masculine cadences and more concrete imagery of Pound.

Eliot has also declared himself a Tory and a Royalist and become a citizen of Great Britain. Here again one is inclined to suspect sentimentalism. Ideally, the Tory theory of government is preferable to any other. When wealth and privilege are acquired by heredity and not by individual effort, energy is diverted to more important objects of ambition—moral integrity, for example. Pursuits which have no obvious utility, such as poetry, are considered worthy of general attention. In the modern world, however, Toryism is mere nostalgia. If our present rulers realized where their own best interests lay, we might perhaps arrive at something like a caste system; but it seems more likely that any stable society must be built up from the foundation, and as a sequel to revolutionary disturbances. The loneliness of the individual, his inability to feel himself a part of any social organism, will probably continue for generations.

Eliot's Catholicism and Toryism, however, are not of primary importance. What is objected to is that he should have returned to tradition at all. His acceptance of the moral values of Catholicism is generally considered to be a proof of spiritual death. The latest exponent of this theory is Mr. Waldo Frank, in a recent issue of the *New Republic*. Mr. Frank's essay is such an astonishing mixture of fallacious argument and cheap rhetoric that it is difficult to make head or tail of it; but the gist of it appears to be as follows.

That Eliot is dead is proved by the fact that "his vision can never hold more than details"; when he writes an essay about some historical personage his subject is never "dimensionally recreated" or "made to stand whole—in some total conception of the critic."[1] Mr. Frank then deduces that the world in which Eliot lives is also dead; its values are "all stratified in the past," and though they may be added to, they cannot evolve. Eliot's experiences and beliefs are valid for Eliot himself; they are the experiences and beliefs appropriate to a dead man. But for the rest of us who are alive, there can be no reliance on "inherited conventions"; with our "dynamic wills" we must "grapple with chaos" and go ahead "into the bitter and dark and bloody dawn of a new world."

Mr. Frank's basic assumption seems to be that anyone who makes a definition of his ends is dead. Such a definition must, of course, be based on the experience of humanity in the past, and any change in it will be in the form of addition, not of evolution. Mr. Frank believes in organism and growth. This dynamic world is going somewhere, and we, if we are sufficiently "dynamic", will go with it. The only proof of life is not to know where one is going or even in what general direction one ought to move. One should remember that Mr. Frank's mysticism has been the creed of America for almost a century. (Emerson published his first book in 1836). It is mainly because of this fatalistic belief in a "bloody dawn", whose advent intellectual and moral effort would only hinder, that we now find ourselves in chaos. After observing the "dynamic" and undirected wills of financiers, politicians, gangsters and others who have abandoned "inherited convention", it might be well to to consider whether the "new world" which

[1] In reality this proves exactly the reverse. Eliot examines his predecessors for assistance in solving his own poetic and moral problems; his essay on Dante is "a running comment" because he is interested not in Dante himself but in those technical methods and emotional attitudes which have a relevance to his own situation. A man who lives in the present is not interested in reconstructing the past.

will result from organic processes without rational values will be any less chaotic than the present one.

Part of Mr. Frank's rhetoric is to claim that his way of life is heroic and "affords no comfort." Belief in a "bloody dawn", when our "dynamic wills" will miraculously transform chaos into order, is in reality far less heroic and far more comforting than Eliot's advocacy of emotional discipline. Anyone who believes that a perfected human nature is the only ultimate standard of values is likely to receive little encouragement from society for some time to come. His only consolation will be the hope that, after every possible political and economic expedient has been tried, men will realize that their unhappiness is due primarily to their own weaknesses and not to any social system. If anybody could help us, it would be neither a poet nor a politician but somebody who had rediscovered from his own experience the truth of the traditional doctrines. But in the last resort each man must save himself.

Note: It was impossible to mention Mr. Grudin's essay in the body of this review because it is not about Eliot or, to any recognizable degree, about anything else. He quotes several sentences from an essay which Eliot contributed to *The Bookman* some years ago, and suggests that they indicate a "naive faith in certain familiar forms of reasoning", and are "an example of the habit of logical *animism*". What is required is "a linguistic of the arts, so conceived that their vocabularies and limitations of meanings may be discerned." Mr. Grudin reserves elucidations of this statement for later essays.

Henry Bamford Parkes

AMERICAN HERESIES

THE AMERICAN HERESY. *By Christopher Hollis. Minton, Balch and Company.* 1930. $2.50.
STONEWALL JACKSON, THE GOOD SOLDIER. *By Allen Tate. Minton, Balch and Company.* 1928. $3.50.
JEFFERSON DAVIS, HIS RISE AND FALL. *By Allen Tate. Minton, Balch and Company.* 1929. $3.50.
ANDREW JACKSON, AN EPIC IN HOMESPUN. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch and Company.* 1927. $3.50.
RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE, A POLITICAL FANTASTIC. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch and Company.* 1929. $3.50.

I

IN NO branch of literature does it seem a more valid observation than in the writing of history that the man who blesses posterity with a book is at the same time bequeathing a portrait of his own soul. Not long ago the superstition prevailed that there could be pure objectivity in historical composition. The impression even got around that "histories" instead of being the offspring of living minds were actually reproductions in miniature of "history." The historian was to achieve impersonality and his writing was to have the same pompous oracularness and neutral impartiality that is supposed to characterize judicial decisions. The ideal was falacious. It was the cause of some good in that it emphasized the necessity of proceeding from a sound bedrock of fact. But it attempted the impossible when it sought to erase the personality of the author.

The higher truths of history are unattainable until the premise is understood that much of historical composition is a subjective process. The historian may not have the freedom of the poet in creating his own subject and planning his own design. But the

apparent freedom of the one is strictly limited by the sincerity of his intention to be faithful to a true philosophy of life. And the apparent restriction of the other to the true facts of the past is equally qualified by his inability ever to know and to use those facts as they actually were. There is no way by which the historian can meet in flesh and blood a past irretrievably dead. His understanding can result only from speculation by which he hopes to penetrate the inchoate mass of evidence about the past which comes to him as source material. Guided by this understanding he proceeds to select from patternless and endless detail that which he intends to use. Then he molds it into a body that had no separate being before he himself shaped it. Finally to give his finished work the semblance of life he passes judgment either openly or by inference. Obviously, therefore, and inescapably, the result is as much the author as it is the subject. The history that comes in books is a mixture of the man who writes and the history that has happened. To ignore this by assuming an impersonal historian leads away from truth rather than toward it.

It must also be recognized that the historian like other men is living in adjustment to the present. What he writes is mainly governed by his critical reaction to the living world. A man who has as his philosophy the idea of progress can never write a history in the same tenor as the man who believes that increasing complexity brings degeneration. History in its final essence joins other forms of literature and art as a critical appraisal of life. Unanimity in historical judgment cannot therefore be expected as long as the world contains men who differ in temperament, purpose and philosophy.

This comment seems pertinent to a review of five books which deal with the Civil War and its antecedents. For the Civil War has meant many things to many men. The reason is obvious. In that horrendous struggle met the competing forces of American life. Before Appomattox it was possible to conceive of an American society which might follow one of several roads to quite different destinies. But with the surrender of Lee's brave army our culture was single tracked along the route it has travelled since. Inasmuch as we have journeyed far along the one road since the Civil War it may well be that we have reached a position where we can appraise the merit of the fateful decision of 1865. Has it led to the better life? As each of us answers this question so also do we read the main theme of American history and allocate to each man his fame and to each event its significance.

II

Christopher Hollis, the English Romanist, is motivated by a dislike of the modern world with its instability of society and its departure from religious tradition. His *American Heresy* interprets the facts of American history in much the same manner his *Glastonbury and England* viewed the development of his own country. In each instance a fine old society properly based on true conceptions of liberty and equality was undermined by the nostrums of eighteenth-century rationalism and nineteenth-century democracy. The Middle Ages knew liberty because government was decentralized. They knew equality because they recognized that each individual had a soul to save. Their institutions were stable because they rested upon agriculture. Life was in adjustment with the fundamental truths of religion. The modern world with its apotheosis of rationalism and democracy has destroyed the standards of the past and left a chaos in which selfishness prevails and plunder is the watchword to both public and private conduct. The United States had an opportunity to escape "the twilight of death" in which Europe floundered. But following its "heresy" it forsook the truth and came unto its present evil state.

Because Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence and dominated the political life of the United States in the opening decades of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Hollis begins with him as the founder of the American state. It would have been more accurate to have observed that Jefferson shaped merely one of the competitive elements in a complex society rather than formed the whole. But let it stand. Jefferson built the state and established it on true principles. Freedom, defined negatively as the absence of interference, was one prop. Equality, not the equality of the leveller but the equality of free expression of the individual, was the second. Together they were to be safeguarded in a community essentially agricultural. For only in such a society could property be so distributed "that all men might possess a little and therefore . . . could equality be preserved." Agricultural society could also be economically self-sufficient to a degree impossible in industrial communities. There would be a minimum of class struggle, and government would remain simple in structure and function. The whole would be decentralized under a Constitution which recognized the equal sovereignty of the states.

There are inadequacies in this presentation. American agriculture was not self-sufficient. Rather its prosperity rested upon

export of its surplus to Europe. As a consequence the well being of American farmers fluctuated with every variation in European affairs. Furthermore American agriculture was the reverse of being static. Mr. Hollis premises much upon the stability of agriculture as a superior basis of life, assuming apparently that such stability had existed in the United States. There is little in Nineteenth-Century history more dynamic and revolutionary than the changes in farming areas in this country during the fifty years before the Civil War. The constant westward march of wheat growing areas, the rapid spread of the cotton plant into the Lower South, the rural depopulation of New England, the conquest of the Ohio Valley by the McCormick reaper—these factors made the farmer as much a speculator in the future as any business entrepreneur in the country. The farmer became restless and competitive. He lost his "self-sufficiency" and willingly depended upon a government which if it granted him all he wanted could not remain simple. When his interests suffered it was the farmer who precipitated the wars of 1812 and 1846 which did so much to undo the modest restraint of the Jeffersonian state.

Again, while he praises Jefferson for basing his state on "freedom" and "equality," Mr. Hollis appreciates that he and Jefferson are not in agreement as to the meaning of the words. Jefferson believed it "self-evident" that men were born equal and possessed inalienable rights. But Mr. Hollis asserts that these truths cannot be taken as postulates. "Briefly," he maintains, "the equality of man rests on the possession of every individual of a soul to be saved or damned—and on that alone." To Mr. Hollis the Declaration of Independence rests on a metaphysic that is medieval but to Jefferson the Middle Ages were barbarous. Such differences between the author and the subject reveal the essential quarrel between Mr. Hollis and the United States. Mr. Hollis bases the validity of all his conceptions on tradition and authority. The American state, even Jefferson's state, grew largely in protest against tradition and authority.

Jefferson, therefore, because he justified his true principles "sentimentally," was not completely free from the American heresy. This led him to make what Mr. Hollis considers mistakes. For one thing he "identified his doctrine more completely with representative democracy than was at all necessary," failing to appreciate what the tyranny of numbers would do in time to the liberty of the individual. But, it should be observed, Jefferson, unlike Mr. Hollis, was more concerned in winning elections than in spinning

theories. Again, Jefferson, finding the agricultural interest not altogether unselfish in its demands, yielded to the clamor to annex Louisiana. Thereby he dealt his system two tragic blows. He violated a strict construction of the Constitution, proving that the central government "would be able at each crisis, or pretended crisis, to filch from the States such powers as might seem to it convenient." And even more serious, he added an expanding West which could do no other than destroy him in the end.

The West is another of Mr. Hollis' dislikes. "The Middle West," he opines, "has become today the enemy of all freedom, of all right living, of all the things Jefferson most loved." Just why this should be true of the one area in the United States which has remained most agricultural and most loyal to religious tradition while greater freedom and more tolerant living are enjoyed in the socially chaotic and Godless cities, Mr. Hollis does not pause to explain. He moves untrammelled to his conclusion. The acquisition of Louisiana destroyed the homogeneity of the United States. The Westerner brought to politics "a natural contempt for State Rights." In time he was to join with the business East to form the Republican party and exercise a tyranny over the state loving South. Mr. Hollis must force his point in calling the United States homogeneous before 1803. The West that was to become Jackson's West had been a part of the Union from the beginning and Mr. Hollis himself speaks of the "two countries," North and South, as already existing in Jefferson's day. Furthermore there were many Southern leaders, Hayne and Calhoun to mention only South Carolinians, who repeatedly tried to unite South and West against the North in just such a "tyranny" as the West and North formed successfully against the South in 1860. The Louisiana purchase did not change the nature of the sectional alignment. But it is true that the nationalistic force in America was rendered stronger and the localistic force proportionately weaker by each annexation of new territory. In this sense, then, the purchase did act toward the destruction of the decentralized state.

If, as Mr. Hollis seems to think, the Jeffersonian state tended toward stability, Jefferson himself was one of the most unstable of men. The basic element in his intellectuality was its fluctuation. His philosophy of the state welcomed revolution—one should occur in every generation and the tree of liberty should be constantly fed with the blood of tyrants. Each age should rewrite its own constitution, lest men should become the slaves to outworn

ideas. His theory of education was to emancipate students from "dogma." He glorified freedom of speculation and experimentation. He would tolerate all error lest by one application of force an iota of truth be lost. Much of this Mr. Hollis knows perfectly, but that it made for typical American instability, heterogeneity of ideas, and the free play of competitive forces many years before Lincoln "destroyed free America" he is not so well aware of.

With all these qualifications there remains an essential truth in Mr. Hollis' thesis. Jefferson did conceive a society that knew more of liberty and equality than was ever again to be the lot of Americans. So Jefferson, heresiarch (again in Mr. Hollis' opinion) of many intellectual fallacies, was orthodox in the destiny he attempted for America—"a great prophet . . . who . . . dedicated a giant's strength to the service of Freedom."

In the years that followed the North turned more and more to an aggressive materialism. The South became the last resort of a decentralized, property-holding and agricultural society. There traditions were cherished and the old time liberty had a chance to survive. To be sure slavery in the abstract was an anomaly in a free society. But given an actual situation where two races existed together as they did in the Old South, much could be said, as Mr. Hollis explains, for an institution which maintained the order necessary to a disciplined civilization. It may also be true that the slavocracy was at times aggressive in its own interests, but compared to the onrushing progress of the industrial North and the tempestuous West, Mr. Hollis considers the South relatively defensive. And finding itself increasingly in the minority, it found shelter under the defense mechanism of state rights. By exalting the state, by insisting upon decentralization, the Southern planter might possibly save at least his locality from the will of the majority expressed through the national government.

Calhoun, in Mr. Hollis' presentation, is made to personify the Southern idea, Lincoln the Northern. Both loved the Union. But Calhoun's Union was the old United States that *were* being destroyed while Lincoln's was the new United States that *was* being created. Calhoun devoted a life's endeavor to saving both slavery (or as he would have said legitimate local interests) and the Union. He considered every expedient, possible and impossible, before he urged in 1850 the secession of the Southern states. By that time he believed that the old Union was in fact destroyed. He went to his grave with gloomy prophecies of the ultimate ruin of his beloved South. Lincoln, the superb opportunist, a lovable figure

whose "only unattractive trait was that of excessive ambition," was the agency through which the North and West now united in the "capitalistic" Republican party "murdered" the Old South. The Civil War ended the great experiment of free America. Lincoln, true and humble hearted, had been wrong in all he attempted. His government of the people, by the people, and for the people became not the democracy he planned but was converted into a selfish plutocracy working through an apparently democratic mechanism. Into the Civil War went "two politically minded nations." There emerged from it "one non-politically minded nation, content, and even anxious, to allow the rich to order its life to the smallest detail."

Thus in the end we have what might easily be accepted as a penetrating if unfriendly criticism of American development. But more than that we have the portrait of Mr. Hollis' own reaction to contemporary society. His facts fall clearly in a pattern but that pattern does not descend from an unravished past. It is rather a modern revolt from what has made the present.

The three essays on Jefferson, Calhoun and Lincoln, strongly marked as they are with the bias of the author's thesis, are essentially fair. With them the book should have ended, its thesis adequately presented. But Mr. Hollis could not resist the luxury of appending a fourth essay on Woodrow Wilson to demonstrate how the new state functions in all its sordidness. He was ill advised. Nothing was added to the important message the book is intended to carry. Rather, because Mr. Hollis loses his balance, the vindictive tone of the last essay, its patent unfairness, and, in places, its unmannerliness, cheapen the entire book. Wilson may have been as selfish and as mistaken as Mr. Hollis presents him. But one fancies that if this last "heretic" had been dead as many years as Lincoln he would have been treated with greater charity. Nevertheless the author's critical penetration abides to the end. There are not a few observations about a war fought to make the world safe for democracy that deserve to be perpetuated as long as the world remains in danger of indulging in a similar madness.

Whether the United States was ever free in the sense Mr. Hollis premises is open to serious conjecture. Benjamin Franklin both summed up the experience of colonial times and prophesied the future when he preached to young America the doctrine of progress. Early we were advised that it was our destiny to climb the ladder of success. By using our own legs we could mount to the top. There minds would be unshackled from the restraints

Mr. Hollis considers necessary but which Franklin believed deadly. At the top also the body would find freedom from poverty. It may have been that the material reward was the greater incentive, but in any case Americans soon began the climb and the acquisitive spirit came into being.

It is hard to appreciate in what sense the men of the post-Civil War era were more selfish than those of the pre-war period. Planters, industrialists and frontiersmen were all engaged in a ruthless exploitation for personal aggrandizement. But in the earlier period the competitive forces were in a balance and no one group completely had its way. The Civil War destroyed the balance by removing the planter and exalting the industrialist. Accordingly in the years that followed one group could operate unchecked and the process of acquisition naturally speeded up. If the earlier period is to be presented as relatively free from guilt it must be recognized as the sort of freedom achieved by balancing one selfishness against another, and not the freedom that is said to exist in Utopia.

Mr. Hollis refuses to permit the final appraisal to rest on material grounds. It matters little that we have prospered by our "heresy" if we have lost our souls. Obviously the issue becomes philosophical and each of us must react according to our own adjustment to life. The historian may be permitted his trite observation, however, that the good old days before Erasmus, Voltaire and Thomas Jefferson, even the good old medieval days, were not for all men and in all places the paradise sometimes assumed by those who dislike our present unstable and "standardless" society. Otherwise there would have been no Erasmuses, Voltaires and Jeffersons. God does not, as Mr. Hollis piously affirms, "in his mercy" lift up enemies to His Truth merely for the love of combat. The "heretics" invariably arise because something has gone amiss in Eden. It may even be that the "Truth" is sometimes found wanting.

Call it the "American heresy" or call it the "American dream," the American aspiration for a better life has had its friendly champions. Our understanding of it can only be improved by seeing it now subjected to Mr. Hollis' hostile shafts of criticism.

III

The thesis which underlies Mr. Hollis' book, stripped of its theology, with greater feeling for the past and less bitterness for the present, is better stated in the concise epilogue of Mr. Allen Tate's biography of Jefferson Davis.

"The South," writes Mr. Tate, "was the last stronghold of European civilization in the western hemisphere, a conservative check upon the restless expansiveness of the industrial North, and the South had to go. The South was permanently old-fashioned, backward-looking, slow, contented to live upon a modest conquest of nature, unwilling to conquer the earth's resources for the fun of conquest; contented, in short to take only what man needs; unwilling to juggle the needs of man in the illusory pursuit of abstract wealth. . . . The War between the States was the decisive struggle of the Western spirit against the European—the spirit of restless aggression against a stable spirit of ordered economy—and the Western won."

I for one have no particular quarrel with this thesis. It is certainly more plausible than the older theories of a war about slavery or constitutional liberty, both of which were largely pretexts for something more fundamental. Moreover if one considers the war a conflict of nationality it is not impossible to associate "Western aggression" with American nationalism and "stronghold of European civilization" with Southern independence. Again if one takes an economic slant it might be affirmed that Mr. Tate is saying little more than that the industrial revolution first found lodgment in the North and proceeded thence into the agricultural South. I entertain some doubt about the absence of aggression in the South remembering the exploitation of the cotton lands of the Lower South, Calhoun's eagerness for Texas, the Ostend Manifesto and Rhett's concern about the slave trade. But my chief reservation arises from a feeling that had there been no Civil War, and had there been no disastrous convulsion of Reconstruction, the Old South still had within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The Henry Gradys, the Daniel Tompkinses, the boosters and the builders of the New South, would have appeared even as they did. They might have been delayed, but they would have triumphed in the end. And what then of Southern feudalism? The real validity of Mr. Tate's thesis, however, does not consist in its historicity so much as it enables him to understand his own position. The Old South can still be made to represent ideal standards even though most Old Southerners would have failed to measure up to them. It is sometimes more important to have the ideal than the fact.

However, Mr. Tate's two biographies do not concern themselves primarily with the unfolding of this thesis. His *Stonewall Jackson* is a popular military biography of the Confederacy's great lieutenant. I read it with no pretension to knowledge of military tactics,

yet felt that the campaigns were described with understanding, admirable clarity and essential accuracy. The personality of Jackson emerges from Mr. Tate's pages with convincing brilliancy. One wonders how a man who ran his house "like a battalion of artillery," who glorified routine until he made all the virtues stupid, and who was as humorless as Mr. Hoover, could have attained such great popularity. The answer is in the brilliancy of his Valley campaign, the magnificence of the Second Manassas, the courage of Sharpsburg, and the final glory of Chancellorsville. "Old Jack" became legendary for his magic touch of victory and when he died the South felt the first chill of ultimate defeat grip its heart.

The *Jefferson Davis* is a more mature study than the *Jackson* and its importance is greater. Mr. Tate's theme is a great one. The career of Davis is also the history of the Southern Confederacy and to explain Davis is also to explain why the experiment of Southern independence failed. Mr. Tate believes that the South had all that was necessary to win—"the military talent; the resources of self-support which the blockade could not touch; the vastness of the country that the Federal armies had to conquer; the united resistance of the plain people"—everything except adequate leadership. The Confederacy needed a "magnetic national leader" and Jefferson Davis was not such a leader.

Mr. Tate's portrait of Davis is a complete one. The man's problems are properly considered. His strength is appreciated. His weakness is charitably explained. I doubt whether there exists a more satisfactory portrait of the Confederate President than the one found in these pages. Nevertheless it seems that just as there is a tendency to overpraise Lincoln for the victory of the North, so also is there a tendency to overblame Davis for the defeat of the South. The final judgment cannot be measured too much in terms of personality. Among other factors, as Mr. Owsley has demonstrated in his studies of the war, the principle of state rights was a flimsy foundation upon which to build a nation. In the crisis it was productive of dissensions greater than any man could readily overcome.

IV

That the Old South had within itself all the elements of conflict between nationalism and state rights, democracy and aristocracy, dynamic change and established order, is well revealed in the contrasting careers of the two forceful Southerners chosen by Mr.

Gerald W. Johnson as subjects of his biographies. John Randolph of Roanoke was an aristocrat; Andrew Jackson was born a nobody. Randolph was resentful of change. Jackson grew in stature through cataclysmic social upheavals. Randolph "loved justice and hated equality." Jackson cared little for the refinements of law and escorted the common man into the strongholds of the privileged. Randolph was narrow in outlook and served Virginia alone as his country. Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, the mortal foe of nullification, more than once quickened the patriotic heartbeats of a nation. Randolph's work was largely negative and led to failure. An original Jeffersonian, he broke with "St. Thomas of Cantingbury" when "equality" began to mean more than the "equality of gentlemen," and the "simplicity" of government came to mean something else than letting Virginia live the life of her own choosing. As the nation grew, Randolph opposed, the first of the Southerners to take his stand against "the erection of a huge internal power which should grind the states out of existence as sovereign powers." But his understanding made no allowance for the exigencies of a country expanding swiftly and enormously. As Mr. Johnson wisely comments, "His only plan to conquer was by being rigid; and little by little his rigidity took on the aspect of *rigor mortis*." Jackson, on the other hand, was in himself the embodiment of the developing country. Mr. Johnson must perforce use the language of growth in describing a man who "broke the forces of the wilderness, (who) swept clear a broad path for settlers from the Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico," and who in the Presidency democratized the national government, broke the money power of his day, and fought an important engagement for the cause of Union.

The romantic background of these two men—the vitriol of Randolph's tongue and the legendary activities of Jackson in Tennessee—offers Mr. Johnson a rare opportunity for the exercise of his talent for enlivened narrative. He has attempted no serious historical investigation of either Randolph or Jackson. For the former he is content to glean his facts chiefly from the two volume study by William Cabell Bruce. For Jackson the debt to biographers from the early Parton to the recent scholar Bassett is apparent on every page. This Mr. Johnson readily acknowledges. His task has been one chiefly of popularization and in this he has succeeded admirably. He has given the casual reader instructive entertainment.

Paul H. Buck

DESIGN FOR FINANCIAL FREEDOM

THE MONOPOLY OF CREDIT. *By C. H. Douglas. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. London.* 1932. 3/6.

WHEN Major Douglas's first book appeared in London, Mr. Ezra Pound invited favorable attention to it in the *Little Review*, May, 1920. Mr. Pound I suppose would readily admit that the majority of his attempts to instigate new thinking have failed, and this was one completely unnoticed. Not even the publication in America of *Economic Democracy*, the work Mr. Pound saluted, deflected the currents of our economic thought in the slightest. Nietzsche remarked that great thoughts come on dove's feet but though Major Douglas writes quietly and with restraint, that is not the reason why his revolutionary thoughts on finance failed to be heard. It was simply that readers could not understand beneath the charts, the mathematical formulae, the abstruse language of an engineer what the fundamental ideas of the writer were.

Progress in expressing these ideas in the idiom of the world was made in a second volume, *Credit Power and Democracy*, to which Mr. A. R. Orage appended a brilliantly clarifying commentary on the draft scheme for the mining industry in England which Major Douglas had prepared. But this book also is technical, and thereafter Major Douglas has written—in *The Control and Distribution of Production*, *Social Credit*, *Warning Democracy*, and the book under review, *The Monopoly of Credit*—on policy rather than technique. The distinction is very important. Major Douglas

holds that the practicability of his plan for financial reform and the correctness of his analysis of existent financial principles and practise are matters to be reviewed by trained expert minds in finance, industry and engineering; the technique for administering a given policy in finance is not susceptible to popular understanding. But policy is, and it is absolutely right for the community to say what policy it desires, what results it wishes—and having so decided, to empower the technicians to proceed to administer the policy.

My researches have been limited, but I have never encountered a housewife who could tell me how her frigidaire operated; her lack of engineering knowledge has however been no bar to her using the frigidaire. Similarly, I hardly ever meet a person versed in the complicated technique of present-day finance, but the community has no difficulty in making use of such financial facilities as are provided. Major Douglas, who has constructed a new financial system, is in the vexatious position of an inventor who has to convince the public of *all* the science embodied in his invention —let us say, a frigidaire—before it consents to try it, and the public lacks, perhaps not the brain, but the unmortgaged energy and will to endeavour to grasp a special technical subject. I do not see what is to be done about it except to make a stab at presenting the technical side of Major Douglas's New Economics, and then to pass, as Major Douglas has done, to a comparison of present financial policy with the financial policy he proposes.

There are three conceptions to grasp: the A plus B Theorem, the Just Price, the National Dividend. The first explains why our present economic system works badly and will break down. The others are constructive proposals.

Major Douglas describes the present system as one which will not allow the population of the world to obtain goods already in existence without first obtaining money through the making of further goods which are not and may never be required. Purchasing power is distributed through industry, which means that unless a man has a job, he must stand in the bread-line. But the purchasing power distributed by industry, i.e., wages, salaries, dividends or profits, commissions, bonuses, enters as a Cost into Price, and these payments to individuals Major Douglas calls A payments. They constitute what the individuals of a community have to spend, and they are insufficient to buy the total production of the community. There is a chronic shortage of money. This occurs because another set of payments enters as a Cost into

Price, payments made to organizations and known as Overhead Costs or Capital Charges. To particularize, they are payments for raw materials, erection, extension, and upkeep of plant, taxes, interest on bank loans, et cetera; these are called B payments, and they tend to increase as science displaces man-power from industry. The axiom of Capitalism in its present development is that all costs must be recovered in price; it therefore follows that ultimate products are priced to include A plus B whereas only A is distributed to the community to obtain the goods. Domestic consumption cannot claim more than a fraction of domestic production, and hence arises the desperately felt need for export markets; what cannot be sold at home must be sold to foreigners. Competition for foreign markets leads to war. There is one other point of the greatest importance. "Since A will not purchase A plus B, a proportion of the product at least equivalent to B must be distributed by a form of purchasing power which is not comprised in the description grouped under A," so runs the classic statement by Major Douglas. This is a reference to bank loans and brings the banks into the picture with their power to create and destroy money, to expand and contract the volume of currency as if playing on an accordion—a fact now reaching the popular ear through the newspaper writings of Mr. Walter Lippmann. Control nowadays is not vested in the owners of capital but in monopolists of credit to whom the industrialists must come for loans—as the late Mr. Edison and Mr. Henry Ford have pointed out. In credit is the key to the whole situation, and credit is administered by a body of men who are not appointed by the public, nor subject to effective criticism, nor responsible to the public. But it is communal credit which they administer.

In a sentence, what we are suffering from is the maladjustment of Finance to Industry. Our financial system is derived from a scarcity-obsession, whereas thanks to the Machine our industrial system holds aloft a cornucopia of Abundance. The defect is in our monetary or distributive system, and it is necessary, Major Douglas concludes, to modernize it to suit the conditions of the age of plenty. He proposes to do this by setting aside the axiom that all costs must be recovered in price, an axiom, be it observed, in the U.S.S.R. as well as everywhere else. Quite coolly he proposes that ultimate goods be sold at less than their apparent financial cost.

To understand the theory of the Just Price, we must distinguish between Financial Cost and Real Cost. The A plus B Theorem

has to do with Financial Cost, but Real Cost is physical in nature. It is simply the material consumed in the making of a product. Mr. C. Marshall Hattersley in his admirably lucid exposition, *This Age of Plenty*, states the idea thus: "The *real cost* of the goods made in any period, whether intermediate or ultimate, is the totality of goods consumed in the process. National Depreciation, which includes all consumption of goods, all export, all scrapping of obsolete machinery, is the physical price paid for National Appreciation, which includes all goods made, all imported goods, all new machinery erected. . . . The real cost of National Production is National Consumption—something much smaller." The Just Price of an article to a consumer, so runs the formula, bears to the financial cost of its production the same ratio as the Gross Depreciation of Real Wealth bears to the Gross Appreciation thereof.

$$\text{Just Price} = \text{Cost Price} \times \frac{\text{Total Consumption of Real Wealth}}{\text{Total Production of Real Wealth}}$$

A numerical illustration will probably be helpful. Suppose that in a given accounting period, say the first quarter of a year, the financial cost of the gross production of a community is $1,000,000, and the financial cost of the simultaneous gross consumption is $400,000. The price-factor for the ensuing period of three months would therefore be 4/10. Ultimate goods would then be sold to consumers at 4/10 of production-costs. Prices would be slashed, as we say, to two-fifths of what they were.

It should be noted that this is price-regulation, not price-fixing: the ratio is based on the physical realities of production and consumption which change: the dynamic character of an economic situation is taken into account. The question is, how can the producer afford to sell his goods below their financial cost? The answer, a surprising one, is, the Treasury or other public issue department would imburse the producers the amount they were out of pocket as a consequence of selling at the Just Price. This involves another pair of ideas, Real Credit and Financial Credit.

Real Credit, in Major Douglas's words, may be defined as the rate at which goods and services can be delivered as, when, and where required. Financial Credit may similarly be defined as the rate at which *money* can be delivered as, when and where required. It is on the basis of Real Credit that an imbursement would be made to the producers, it being held that additional real wealth is a proper basis for the issue of new money; the producers

would not be, as at present, in debt to the banking system for the new money.

The idea of Real Credit is also at the bottom of the National Dividend proposal. If no one else knows it, engineers such as the Technocracy group and Major Douglas realize that industrial progress means the rendering superfluous in industry of larger and larger numbers of men. These men simply are not wanted; they are permanently retired from "work". What looms before us is the Leisured Society if we have the wits to devise a distribution of leisure. Major Douglas would do this by distributing National Dividends as a supplement to the wage system, eventually as a supersession of wages. The Dividends would be issued on a scientific basis of goods and in strict accordance with the capacity of industry to deliver the goods they represent. They would increase the volume of money in the pockets of the community, but the volume would be governed by Supply.

Thus, by way of summarizing the technical side of the Douglas scheme we may say that it provides for the increase of currency-volume at the same time that prices are regulated, thus avoiding the evil of inflation—with the aim of enabling a community to claim the whole of the products it makes. The Douglas theory introduces into economics an additional factor of wealth-production, what Veblen called "progress in the industrial arts" and what Major Douglas calls "our common cultural inheritance," and it makes this factor available for National Dividends. It socializes credit. It claims to offer the solution of the problem of consumption, which fundamentally is a problem of consumer-credit.

I do not flatter myself that this resumé of Major Douglas's central ideas is convincing or even intelligible to readers encountering the New Economics for the first time. The ideas are elusive and that, and not any complicatedness, makes them difficult. Furthermore, they are in a field where the American intelligentsia has not exercised itself very much. Our artists, writers, teachers and kindred professionals have shown themselves well-meaning in their addiction to social reform, but not very reflective or well-informed or adventurous. They have in a fashion that can only be called blind accepted current surmises that our economic ills reside in the administrative side of our economic life and that a change in the administration of production (Fascism or Communism) will be curative. Major Douglas invites them to make the novel effort of tackling directly the problem of consumption and of orientating their minds in finance. Events are rapidly showing

that the great task of an intelligentsia now is to master the money question. *The Monopoly of Credit*, Major Douglas's most recent book, has something to say about the technical matters mentioned in this review, but rather more to say about financial policy. It serves as a very able preface to the attempt we must all make to penetrate the "mystery" of finance.

The policy of orthodox finance is puritanical. It is founded on distrust of men and the assumption of scarcity. It has been crystallized in the stern injunction: Work More—Consume Less, Work and Save. It satisfies the will-to-power of a certain type of man, and its drive is toward a super-central bank of which the Bank of International Settlements is a precursor and toward a world-state in which the external pressures on men will be severe. It is an effective policy, since it is associated with a system of rewards and punishments imbedded in modern industry. It is in a phrase the policy of centralizing financial initiative in the hands of a very few private individuals.

The policy of the heterodox finance advocated by Major Douglas has been termed "economic democracy" because by socializing credit it aims to decentralize financial initiative. In the light of this policy the aim of industry is simply to supply goods to the people who want them. "Morals" are to be removed from industry in the sense that industry is to be judged by a criterion of efficiency and not asked to provide employment or to function as an instrument of social coercion and moral governance. The values to be safeguarded in the Douglas Commonwealth are Liberty. Leisure and Culture. The will-to-plenty of the individual is to be given satisfaction, and the whole business and industrial life of society relegated to a subordinate place, somewhat as in the economy of the human body many biological processes proceed automatically or semi-automatically, leaving the psychology of the human being free to develop its interests. Systems were made for men, not men for systems, Major Douglas declared in the first chapter of his first book, and the interest of man, which is self-development, takes precedence over all systems, economic, political and theological. A ringing statement to come from an economist!

It is quite possible that this sounds utopian. A reading of *The Monopoly of Credit*, however, will make the skeptical—those who in Emerson's words say, "I neither affirm nor deny. I stand to try the case"—entertain the idea, not of utopia, but of a feasible passage from an Age of Civilization to an Age of Culture—pro-

vided the money problem is solved. Chapters are devoted to such topics as Government by Finance, From Where Does Money Come?, the Gap Between Prices and Purchasing Power, the Meaning of a Balanced Budget, the Gold Standard, and Dividends for All. One of the appendices is a Statement of Evidence Submitted by Major Douglas before Lord Macmillan's Committee on Finance and Industry. He told the Macmillan Committee that "any effective remedy must traverse the claim of the banking system to the ownership of the financial credit extended to industry, a claim which is implied by the fact that at present money, constituting in the main new purchasing power, is loaned to a bank's customers, not given." This draws the battle-line accurately between the scientific credit-reformers and the apologists for orthodox finance. The former—their number is growing —hold that in national loan accountancy the public should be credited with the sums advanced to industry by the banks, since it is the public's credit which these privately administered organs avail themselves of. As things are now, repayment of bank loans is collected through price.

GORHAM MUNSON

A DREAM OF ISRAEL

GOD'S ANGRY MAN. *By Leonard Ehrlich. Simon and Schuster.* 1932. $2.50.

LEONARD EHRLICH has done no casual job in making a novel of the life of John Brown of Harper's Ferry. "God's Angry Man" is a remarkably accomplished first book, giving manifold evidence, by its historical care, its considered language, its confident design, of the four years of toil that have produced it. Still more important, it is the fruit of a passion, for no one can feel that Mr Ehrlich has chosen his rather remote topic lightly or at random; it only too clearly has for him a special significance that is very near to his heart. Mr Ehrlich is one who refuses to accept the general opinion that though John Brown was an interesting man and his famous exploit had national consequences, he must be classed after all as a minor and local fanatic. Instead, Mr Ehrlich, whose imagination is ignited by the Biblical God of Wrath, sees in John Brown a prophet of the ancient line, whom even bloodshed could not deter from fulfilling the commands of the Lord. And so this heightened and emotional portrait transforms the collarless frontier abolitionist into a hero from the Book of Kings.

Such a procedure has the full sanction of poetic license. The business of criticism will be to judge the results. First, however, let us inquire what it was that gave John Brown his sense of a religious mission. It was hatred of slavery. Now let us inquire what slavery means to Mr Ehrlich, who has frankly identified his own emotions with those of his protagonist, using him, to borrow a term from the theatre, as a vehicle for his own burning zeal, giving a performance, as it were, of John Brown. The answer is that slavery means as little to him as it does to any one else

today; it is no less a dead issue for him, even imaginatively, than for the rest of us. This is an important discovery. It must explain why this John Brown, despite the warmth of Mr Ehrlich's portrayal, fails to awaken our responses. He thunders and slays and hangs, but unless we are to be swayed by mere violence he leaves us quite untouched. This must be because the goal which was the center of his life, the freeing of the blacks, is only a phrase to us—and to Mr Ehrlich. Lacking this core of reality, "God's Angry Man" is very tumultuous but seems to take place in a vacuum. It is, in fact, an extremely vigorous museum piece, the fruit of a passion but, oddly enough, of almost no feeling.

We can fail to appreciate its true quality, however, by taking it too literally. If, for example, we were to accept objectively its treatment of the night when Brown and his sons take five proslavers from their beds and kill them in cold blood, we should feel outraged.

> The younger Doyle writhed in anguish as they cut at him, but he did not go down quickly. His night-shirt reddened as he swayed. Then there was a single sickening slash heard above the others, the sound of flesh ripping; and the boy, his eyes twisting crazily, toppled to the ground.

Our sensibilities simply balk at this. It is a scene presenting aesthetic difficulties which would have given Sophocles or Dostoevsky pause. Mr Ehrlich sets its down in detail because he does not feel what he is writing; effect is his only thought. And by a kind of justice his ultimate effect, except upon those who mistake such raw stuff for power, is to make us overlook the factual narrative—which is filled with violent pages, even when there are no violent events—and read the book as a dream. A dream of what? Of the Scripture, of "the mighty and the terrible Lord which regardeth not persons." For to those who look closely the author of "God's Angry Man" is not as bloodthirsty as he seems, but a sensitive, withdrawn young scholar who cherishes a vision of Biblical times. In John Brown he has found a soldier-prophet who approximates his Old Testament ideal, and through him, as though on a stage, he has poured forth his own nostalgia. In the last analysis, the raging performance is innocuous, rather academic. Its thoroughness, skill, intensity demand a place for "God's Angry Man" among our most interesting first novels; but it is not really a life of John Brown so much as a dream of Israel, and far gentler than it seems.

GERALD SYKES